



THE LITERARY DIGEST



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TOPICS OF THE DAY



THE BALKAN WAR BEGUN

IT WAS LEFT for the smallest and weakest member of the Balkan coalition to begin actual hostilities against Turkey, and "little Montenegro, with an area smaller than Connecticut and a population less than that of Jersey City," as a New York paper observes, took the field alone against the Ottoman Empire, with a population of twenty millions. But while Montenegro "led in the grim war game" bravely enough, her colleagues were ready to follow suit at any moment. The common opinion expressed abroad is that "the peppery little land of the Black Mountain" made her unexpected declaration of war as part of a carefully arranged scheme prepared by the crafty Balkan States to forestall the Powers, who had been getting together to preserve the peace. The four bellicose states were to be asked to call off their dogs of war and Turkey was to be ordered to carry out reform in Macedonia. But they moved too slowly, and all calculations were upset by the fiery impetuosity of little Montenegro, of which the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* remarks:

"Its capital, Cetinje, has a population of 4,500. The whole country holds 225,000 people, and as every able-bodied male citizen is eligible for military service between the ages of 18 and 62, in war time the maximum military strength is about 50,000 men. The tiny principality maintained its independence for four centuries against Turkey, until it was recognized by the Treaty of Berlin in 1878, and yesterday [October 8], when the Montenegrin Chargé d'Affaires at Constantinople, M. Plamenatz, flung down the challenge to battle and took his leave, he did so in the knowledge that behind him was the determination and the patriotic ardor of every

Montenegrin, old or young, rich or poor, from King Nicholas I. to the children playing in the street."

Even tho the Governments of the larger Balkan States may have been sincerely desirous of peace and anxious to meet the

demands of the Powers, it is clear from the dispatches that the voice of the people has been for war, and so loudly that their rulers may have felt that the choice was between foreign war and domestic revolt. The Governments of the allied Balkan States, we read in a dispatch to the *New York Sun*, "may think the anger of the Powers is more easily faced than the furious resentment of their subjects if they fail to exact the reforms to enforce which they mobilized their armies." For the promises of the Porte, even when backed by the promises of the Powers, are not taken any too seriously in Sofia. The nations which they believe to be supporting the *status quo* in Turkey for selfish reasons are not looked upon as the natural protectors of the Balkan peoples. King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, say several correspondents, has found himself again in the position he thus described on a former occasion: "I shall maintain peace as long as I can without exposing myself to the stab of a knife." A picturesque instance of twentieth-century Bulgarian patriotism was the action of the Bulgarian deputies in giving up their salaries to buy an aeroplane for the army.

Montenegro, the only Balkan State which has never bowed the knee to Moslem domination, did not fail to live up to her warlike reputation in opening the war. The aged King Nicholas and three of his sons led



NICHOLAS I.,

Who celebrated his 71st birthday by declaring war on a nation which outnumbers his 100 to 1.

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their Army to the front amid loyal acclamations. Prince Peter is credited with having fired the first shot at Podgoritz. Strongly fortified Turkish positions at Mount Planinitza, Mount Detchitch, and Tusi, on the road to Scutari, were carried after a day of stubborn fighting.

It is asserted by the London *Times*, and by newspaper writers in several European capitals, that the Montenegrin move, which so startled the peacemakers, was part of a preconceived plan. To quote a summary which appeared in a dispatch to the New York *Times* on the day following Montenegro's declaration:

"The other Balkan States, which have no plausible pretext for declaring war at this moment, may have feared that they might, before such a pretext could be provided by the presentation and rejection of their demands, be entangled in protracted negotiations with the Powers concerning the extent of the projected reforms and the nature of the guaranties for their execution. If such negotiations were once begun, it might be difficult to prevent them from dragging on indefinitely, and the states may have wished to confront the Powers with an accomplished fact and to hurry on a conflict.

"Montenegro was already engaged in difficult negotiations with the Porte arising out of the frontier disputes and incidents. She had some sort of pretext for declaring war, and her geographical situation made it comparatively safe for her to do so. It may also have been hoped that by taking the offensive before the others she might draw away part of the Turkish forces from the main theater of war and disorganize the war-plans of the Turkish staff. The comparatively easy mobilization of her peasant soldiery made it possible for her to strike more quickly than her allies."

A Belgrade correspondent asserts that the advance of the Turkish Army was "the immediate reason for the declaration of war by the Montenegrins, who wish to prevent Turkey from occupying a strategical position near the Montenegrin frontier."

It has been explained to the Balkan governments, that if they persist in fighting Turkey they will gain nothing, for the Powers

will force the necessary reforms upon the Porte without such a war, and will not allow the Balkan nations to reap any territorial fruits of victory. In the note delivered by Russia and Austria, in behalf of the Powers signatory to the Berlin Treaty, they say that

"They will take in hand in the interest of the Balkan peoples the realization of reforms in the administration of European Turkey, it being understood that these reforms shall not affect the sovereignty of the Sultan or the territorial integrity of the Ottoman Empire. The Powers reserve to themselves liberty of action for a collective ulterior study of these reforms.

"That if, nevertheless, war breaks out between the Balkan States and the Ottoman Empire, they will permit at the end of the conflict no modification of the territorial *status quo* in European Turkey."

The Powers announce, too, that the war will be "localized" in the Balkans. But some American editors point to the clashing interests of Russia and Austria in this region, note that both nations have been mobilizing troops, and ask whether it will be possible to keep the conflagration from spreading. The Milwaukee *Free Press* says, for instance:

"Austria and Germany have great interests that make a partition of Macedonia most undesirable. Russia, in turn, as the protector of the southern Slavs, must resent any assertion of Germanic ascendancy in that territory. . . .

"The prospect of a Balkan-Turkish war is therefore critical and far-reaching in many respects.

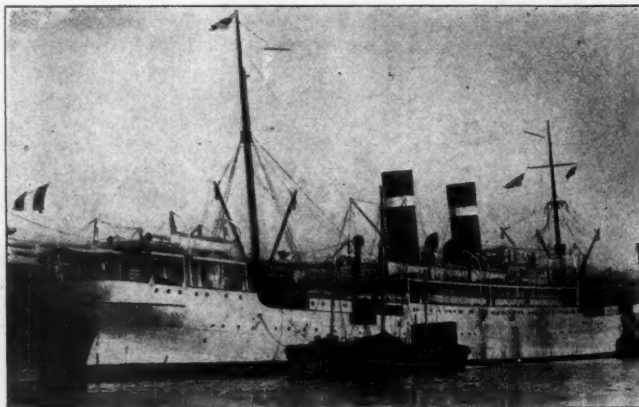
"It means more than the expulsion or maintenance of the Crescent in Europe, more than the advance or check of Pan-Slavism; it means a possible European imbroglio, armed or diplomatic, which involves not only the integrity of Asiatic Turkey, but the future destiny of the Germanic Powers and their rivals in the Near East.

"It means the possible proclamation of a jihad; the green flag of Moslem fanaticism fluttering from the Indian Ocean to the Mediterranean, and in its wake a bloody swathe of Christian lives."

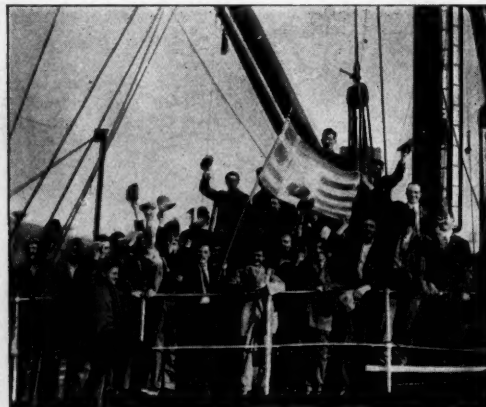


DAVID AND GOLIATH.

—Cesare in the New York Sun.



THE "MADONNA" CARRYING 600 GREEK CHRISTIANS HOME TO FIGHT THE MOSLEMS.



NEW YORK GREEKS ON BOARD, RETURNING FOR THE BALKAN FIGHT.

NEW YORK'S PART IN THE WAR.



MAP OF THE BALKAN STATES.

THE BALKAN POWDER MAGAZINE, AND THE MAN WHO APPLIED THE MATCH.



PRINCE PETER, WHO FIRED THE FIRST SHOT.

Extreme as this last prophecy sounds, it finds some confirmation in the report of a Mohammedan mass-meeting in India which passed a set of resolutions containing this threat:

"The Bible followers are the enemies of the Koran followers, and the cry of Allah Akbar, which resounded from the walls of Vienna, will be heard again in the uttermost parts of the world."

A general feeling seems to pervade American editorial minds that whatever the result of the present trouble, the downfall of the Mussulman power in Europe is one step nearer. *The Wall Street Journal* points out that the solution of the Balkan problem does not lie on the surface, and must ultimately be settled by the great Powers.

"It contains, among other vital issues, the land road to British India; Austrian domination in the Adriatic through the possession of the Turkish coast-line down to and including Salonika; the autonomy of Christian races in Turkey, like the Albanians and the Macedonians, and the control of the entrance to the Black Sea."

The *New York Journal of Commerce* remarks upon the slow process of dissolution which has been going on in Turkey for years:

"Greece, Rumania, Serbia, and Bulgaria successively freed themselves from Ottoman sovereignty; Albania has been in a state of chronic unrest, and Arabia always unruly. Cyprus and Egypt are in English hands, Tunis is under a French protectorate, Bessarabia is a Russian province, Bosnia-Herzegovina a territory of Austria-Hungary, and Tripoli has finally become an Italian colony. The work of disintegration would probably have been pushed further if the absorptive designs of the Powers were not neutralized by their jealousies."

It is recalled that after the Bulgarian massacres of 1876 Russia took Turkey in hand and forced upon her the Treaty of San Stefano. But the Bulgarian nation created thus included Macedonia and other territory, which the Powers put back under Turkish rule at the Congress of Berlin. The Pan-Bulgarian idea has ever since been a favorite theme of patriotic Bulgars. The fact that Turkey in Europe is populated chiefly by Slavs, Bulgarians, and Greeks constitutes a problem which *The Journal of Commerce* thinks might be solved by the formation of a great federal state, "stretching from the Bosphorus to the Danube, from the Black Sea to the Adriatic, forming a new Christian Power in

territory once ruled by Mohammedans, and serving, at the same time, as an effectual barrier to the anxious, restless ambition of Russia." But Austrian and Muscovite ambition are looked upon as two insuperable obstacles to the realization of this dream.

MR. TAFT'S LOSS OF CALIFORNIA

SUCH HEAD-LINES as "THE CALIFORNIA OUTRAGE," "THE CALIFORNIA THEFT," "CALIFORNIA'S DISHONOR," and "THE LARCENY OF A STATE," are commonplaces in the editorials of Republican and Democratic papers denouncing the action of the California adherents of Roosevelt and Johnson in securing "the disfranchisement of the Republican party in California," by methods that with some apparent reluctance have been declared legal by the Supreme Court of the State. In the Presidential primaries the Progressives, who had never severed their connection with the Republican party, outvoted the Taft Republicans and chose thirteen Roosevelt electors whose names will appear on the ballots in November as electors of the Republican party. The pro-Taft minority, having nominated Taft electors at a bolting convention, applied for a mandamus to compel the Secretary of State to designate the Taft thirteen as Republicans upon the ballot, and to leave off the pro-Roosevelt thirteen. The court has decided that under the primary law the Roosevelt electors must go on, to the exclusion of the Taft electors, and as the Taft adherents neglected to nominate their candidates by petition as a precaution in case of an adverse decision by the courts, the names of the Taft electors, it is held, can not appear upon the official ballot. In denying the application for the mandamus the court delivered no formal opinion, but before announcing the unanimous decision in favor of the Roosevelt electors, Chief Justice Beatty expressed his views in words that are extensively quoted by the California press. As to the legal position of the Progressives, the Chief Justice said:

"They have registered as Republicans. They could have renounced their affiliations to the Republican party and made themselves members of another party; or there could have been another party under that other name, but they did not do that. They remained according to the test prescribed as members of

the Republican party. They elected their delegates to the convention, and the convention was regularly held, and it acted according to its notions of political expediency and good faith. And the courts can not inquire into it; we can not decide political questions. We can decide only what is legal under the State law."

In regard to the primary law under which the decision was rendered, however, he declared:

"I have not a very good opinion of this law. I think it is a very bad law and will practically disfranchise one-third of the voters of the State. It disfranchises absolutely all of the voters of the State as to one-third of their proper representation in the State convention."

Since "no California Republican can vote for Republican Presidential electors next month," the San Diego *Union* (Rep.), speculating upon what course those voters may take, suggests that

"Many will doubtless remain at home on election day. Many have avowed their purpose to vote for the Wilson Presidential electors. They think that the men who have disfranchised the Republican party of California should be punished rather than rewarded by the loyal members of that party. Votes for Wilson will be votes against permitting Roosevelt to carry the State which his followers are trying to steal."

But the Oakland *Enquirer* (Prog.) thinks "some of the arguments, or rather post-mortem wails" of "the organs of the machine over the defunct Taft element of the political gathering at the State capital" nothing less than ludicrous. Says *The Enquirer*:

"It is sometimes necessary and even advisable to fight fire with fire. The Chicago steal is sufficiently fresh in the minds of the people to insure their acquiescence to almost any method whereby the plotters could be hoisted by their own petard. But the Sacramento affair was not, in any sense of the word, a theft on the part of the Roosevelt delegates. The people, by an overwhelming majority, chose the delegates who named the Roosevelt electors. The disgruntled few who represented the hopeless minority were there under sufferance, and their walking out was nothing more nor less than an admission of the fact. They represented, not the will of the people of California, but the political aspirations of the pitiful remnants of a decadent party."

Going further, the Los Angeles *Tribune* (Ind.) finds indications that the real reason that the names of Taft electors will not be printed on the ballot is a deliberate conspiracy "on the part of certain reactionaries," who wished to create a condition that might drive many Republicans to vote for Wilson:

"These conspirators knew that the party had rejected Taft's candidacy in the primary election. They knew, as all men knew, that the State convention would choose electors pledged to Roosevelt's candidacy. Had they been sincere in their support of Taft they would have circulated petitions to place the names of Taft electors on the November ballot."

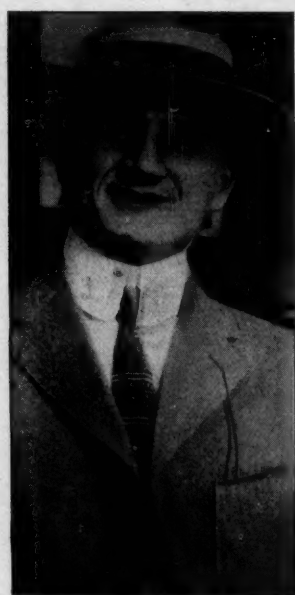
"The law outlined the procedure to be followed. The requirements were few and simple. The signatures of 12,000 citizens would have insured the printing of the names of Taft electors. Apprehensive of an adverse decision, the Progressive Republicans proceeded to nominate their electors by the alternative method of petition. They obtained a sufficient number of signatures in this county alone to comply with the requirements of the law. The managers of the Taft campaign could have pursued the same policy. They chose not to do it."

The Sacramento *Bee* (Ind.), more philosophical than many of its contemporaries, finds that the great lesson of the controversy

is that we need more simple electoral machinery, and that "there could be direct voting for the President as for the Governor and Congressmen."

MORTALITY AMONG WITNESSES AGAINST THE POLICE

THE CRIME of knowing too much in New York seems to many editors to be about the most fatal offense on the whole list. On the eve of the day when Herman Rosenthal, a professional gambler, was to appear before the Grand Jury to tell all he knew about the alleged alliance for mutual profit between police and criminals in New York, with special emphasis upon the activities of Police Lieutenant Charles Becker, he was shot to death by four gunmen on the brightly lighted pavement in front of the Hotel Metropole, almost under the noses of several policemen, his murderers getting away unmolested in a gray automobile. Then two days before the trial of Becker for instigating the Rosenthal murder was called, "Big Jack" Zelig, a notorious gang-leader and an important witness for the prosecution, was shot and killed on a New York street-car by "Red Phil" Davidson, the slayer afterward submitting to arrest without resistance, but giving several contradictory stories of his motive for the crime and of the incidents preceding it. While the timeliness, from the police point of view, of these two killings may, of course, be merely an astonishing coincidence, the press incline to see in it a sinister meaning.



"BIG JACK" ZELIG.

Whose life was ended by a bullet two days before he was to appear as a witness for the prosecution in the trial of Police Lieut. Charles Becker.

"Suspicious circumstances surround and enmesh the abominable affair; it darkens with fresh conspiracies from hour to hour," exclaims the New York *Evening Mail*, and *The Evening Sun* remarks that "the crime of murder pales before the graver suspicion that fills the public mind." No man's life is safe who offends the "System," declares the Brooklyn *Standard Union*—the System "whose dire motto has ever been 'Dead men tell no tales.'"

"Rosenthal was murdered in the most spectacular manner in order to strike terror into the hearts of all others who might have such knowledge as he had and contemplated giving it to the District Attorney," charges the same paper, which goes on to explain that suspicion does not attach to the police force as a whole, but only to "a small and powerful minority in it, which, with the aid of Tammany Hall, rules the entire body and divides the many millions of its yearly takings of blackmail with its political backers." To quote further:

"And as to the murder of Zelig on Saturday evening on a car in a crowded thoroughfare, why is it almost every one who reads about it unhesitatingly pronounces it another daring murder of the System, designed to serve notice on the men already in custody their lives will not be worth a minute's purchase if they confess and involve the chiefs of the System? They can't, these wealthy and influential members of the System, communicate safely with the men in jail or in confinement waiting to be called as witnesses, but they can let them know by a daring murder, a murder in the circumstances even more startling than the Rosenthal murder, the System is still vigorous and ready at any risk to protect its friends and deal death to those who would hurt them. It was, perhaps, a little frightened and demoralized by the prompt action of District Attorney Whitman after the shooting of Rosenthal in securing so many confessions, but it makes announcement in the murder of gunman Zelig it has recovered its nerve and is superior to the law of the land."

Admitting that "at present there is no evidence that the police had anything to do with the killing of Zelig," the Brooklyn *Eagle* adds: "For a week there was no evidence that the police had any hand in killing Rosenthal." And it goes on to say:

"In each case there was the motive that the silencing of the man who was murdered would be of great profit to Becker. The strength of that motive was best appreciated in the Rosenthal case by the gamblers who had been closely associated with Becker. They at once interpreted the Rosenthal killing as a warning of the fate which would follow 'squealers' in this town. The silence of fear fell upon the gambling fraternity as to their relations with the police.

"Similarly the witnesses in the West Side prison and the prisoners in the Tombs—who knew both Zelig and his assassin well—have been thrown into a panic by Zelig's murder. Rightly or wrongly, they interpret it as a warning of the fate awaiting any one who is willing to help convict Becker.

"This fear thrown upon men who are to be witnesses for the State is one point at which the murder of Zelig is a boon to Becker and the men associated with him in the blackmail of criminals and outlaws. The silencing of Zelig's own testimony is another point. But there are others only less significant. Zelig was under \$10,000 bail for carrying concealed weapons. This \$10,000—whose payment will be released by his death—was put up by Becker, altho it was nominally furnished by Rose, Vallon, and Webber to conceal Becker's connection with the matter. Then two of Becker's subordinates on the 'strong-arm squad' have been indicted for perjury in swearing to this charge against Zelig. Now that Zelig is dead the case against them will have to be dropped. For them as well as for Becker that shot on the Second Avenue car was a veritable godsend."

Turning to papers outside of New York and Brooklyn, we find the same point of view widely reflected. "This new tragedy," remarks the Washington *Times*, "suggests that the league between police and vice is still intact and still working to preserve its control." "The people who were slow to believe that the police department 'system' really was responsible for the murder of Rosenthal have had plenty of time and abundant opportunity to discover their mistake," thinks the Pittsburgh *Leader*, which adds: "Confessions of other agents of the 'system,' the driving out of the country of material witnesses, the attempt to kill other witnesses, and now as the cap sheaf, the cool shooting down of another valuable State witness, have been enough to satisfy everybody that the 'system' does exist and has all the power claimed for it by its victims." Even if it turns out that the killing of Zelig had no connection with the police, reflects the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, "the Rosenthal murder and the Becker trial should arouse New York to the necessity of self-reformation as it has never been roused before." The Baltimore paper goes on to say:

"San Francisco in the days of the vigilance committees was not confronted by a danger so formidable and so vital. A reign of open violence and terrorism can be met face to face and overthrown by determined men; but a system of corruption, graft, and murder which has possessed itself of the outward symbols of law and order, and which is the natural product of the supremacy of an autocratic political machine, requires for its destruction a relentless campaign on the part of the whole community, if it is to be a fit place for civilized men and women to live in. The Rosenthal case, in fact, represents a battle between the forces of civilization and barbarism, between the underworld and its political and official allies and partners and those who stand for clean and high standards of life and government."

The need of a vigilance committee for New York is also hinted at by more than one New York paper. Thus *The Press* remarks that lawlessness will not need to go much further before we will have a mass-meeting of citizens to discuss "the advisability of a modified form of the California vigilance committee," and *The Herald*, characterizing the suggestion as "too conservative," agrees that "there should be a vigilance committee, but it should not be modified."

An "insider," writing in the New York *Independent* of the

solidarity and arrogance of the city's 10,000 policemen, predicts that if the day ever comes when "some commissioner undertakes to run the department in the interest of the citizens who are paying for it," it is not at all improbable that the police will go on strike, in which event "we would probably have to call in United States troops to shoot them down." The New York police, declares this authority, "desire to do as they please with or without law, and they have and will have a deep-seated grudge against any one who interferes with their pleasure and convenience." And *The Outlook*, which speaks of the Rosenthal murder as "a tragic, almost theatrical, exposure of the corrupt



THE DIME NOVEL.

—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

partnership between policemen and criminals," places much of the responsibility on "perversely wrong organization." On this point it says:

"At present in New York and in many other cities the subordinates in the police force have a long and almost unshakable tenure of office, while the commander of those subordinates is in a position of the greatest insecurity. Authority that is subject to removal at any time is no authority at all. The real authority will always reside in a system that is at least comparatively permanent. In the police force, therefore, the authority over the force resides, not in the Commissioner, who is here to-day and gone to-morrow, but in an irresponsible organization within the permanent members of the force. It is that irresponsible organization—known as 'the system,' *par excellence*—that is the real seat of the police disease."

Rather startling in this connection was the sworn statement of Police Lieutenant Stanton to the Aldermanic Investigating Committee that 12 per cent. of the men appointed as patrolmen by Commissioner Waldo were perjurers, ex-convicts, and bad men of one kind or another. Lieutenant Stanton based his figures on knowledge gained as head of the bureau of investigation established at headquarters by Commissioner Bingham. Commissioner Waldo has since brought charges of perjury against Stanton.

Perhaps it is not unfortunate, suggests the New York *Evening World*, that the murder of Zelig happened with such dramatic timeliness. "It may not be without good results in the end that, as the curtain rises upon a trial involving one of the gravest police scandals in the history of New York, the murder of this notorious gangster startles a fickle public attention to concentrate anew upon the diagnosis and cure of a ghastly poison in our city life."

EXPLAINING OUR HOMICIDE RECORD

WHY is the ratio of murders to population in the United States increasing? Why is it so much higher than in England and Wales? Why is the rate highest in our Southern cities? These are some of the questions puzzling our editors since the publication, in a New York insurance journal called *The Spectator*, of Mr. F. L. Hoffman's comparative table of homicide statistics in thirty American cities. Mr. Hoffman shows that in the decade from 1881 to 1891 the number of homicides among our urban population averaged 5 to every 100,000 persons; that for the next ten years the rate dropt to 4.9; and that during the decade ending with 1910 it rose again to 7.2. This rate, declares Mr. Hoffman, indicates "a startling disregard of human life in the United States." For England and Wales, he says, the average rate of homicides is only 0.9 per 100,000 inhabitants. The condition revealed by these figures, he maintains, "is not compatible with the common assumption that actual progress is being made in the United States in all that is summed up under the term civilization and national welfare." We print herewith Mr. Hoffman's figures for the thirty selected cities during the period 1901-10 and for the single year 1911, giving the actual number of homicides, the rate per 100,000 population, and the ratio of increase. It will be seen that Memphis, Tenn., has the highest homicide rate (47.1 per 100,000 for the decade and 63.4 for 1911) and that

six other Southern cities follow it on the list. Why are the people of the South more given to manslaughter than those of the North? On this point the *Charleston News and Courier* comments as follows:

"The homicide record of the South and of Southern cities is bad enough when accompanied by the fullest explanation of the conditions existing in this part of the country; but when, as in the current number of *The Spectator*, the bald figures are published, the effect is appalling. It is scarcely just to print, as does this New York insurance magazine, articles such as that of Mr. F. L. Hoffman giving the homicide record of American cities unaccompanied by explanatory notes. Reading Mr. Hoffman's article, one uninformed as to the facts can gather no other impression than that in Memphis, Charleston, Savannah, New Orleans, Atlanta, Louisville, and Nashville, in the order named, human life is cheaper than anywhere else in America—a land in no part of which is human life held very sacred. We are not prepared to attack Mr. Hoffman's figures, indeed, we take it that they are essentially correct, but we do think that it would have been only fair for him to have explained, as he could have done in a line, that the homicide record of these Southern cities is high because their negro population is larger proportionately than that of any other cities considered by him in his article. Of course, it is deplorable that 24 homicides should have occurred in

Charleston in 1911; but surely it makes a difference to insurance companies as well as to the public in general that of these 24 homicides 20 of the victims were colored and only 2 of the known assailants all told were white. Whatever other criticisms may legitimately be directed against the white people of this community, they are not given to crimes of

Cities	1901-1910		1911		
	No.	Rate	No.	Rate	Ratio
Memphis, Tenn.	556	47.1	85	63.4	+ 16.3
Charleston, S. C.	159	27.7	25	42.3	+ 14.6
Savannah, Ga.	154	25.6	25	37.6	+ 12.2
New Orleans, La.	702	22.2	83	24.1	+ 1.9
Atlanta, Ga.	215	17.1	48	29.8	+ 12.7
Louisville, Ky.	356	16.5	36	15.9	- 0.6
Nashville, Tenn.	132	13.6	40	35.3	+ 21.7
St. Louis, Mo.	804	12.6	108	15.5	+ 2.9
San Francisco, Cal.	343	11.2	44	10.4	- 0.8
Cincinnati, O.	328	9.4
Chicago, Ill.	1,659	8.4	203	9.1	+ 0.7
Spokane, Wash.	55	8.0	3	2.7	- 5.3
Seattle, Wash.	119	7.6	20	7.9	+ 0.3
Washington, D. C.	210	6.8	31	9.2	+ 2.4
Manhattan & Bronx, N. Y.	1,249	5.1	197	6.9	+ 1.8
Cleveland, O.	234	4.9	50	8.6	+ 3.7
Pittsburg, Pa.	243	4.9	29	5.3	+ 0.4
Providence, R. I.	97	4.8
Boston, Mass.	283	4.6	33	4.8	+ 0.2
Dayton, O.	44	4.3	8	6.7	+ 2.4
Brooklyn, N. Y.	583	4.2	61	3.6	- 0.6
Baltimore, Md.	215	4.0	27	4.8	+ 0.8
Reading, Pa.	32	4.0	7	7.2	+ 3.2
Philadelphia, Pa.	529	3.7	66	4.2	+ 0.5
Hartford, Conn.	24	3.3	4	4.0	+ 0.7
Buffalo, N. Y.	109	2.8	25	5.8	+ 3.0
Minneapolis, Minn.	71	2.7	11	3.6	+ 0.9
Newark, N. J.	68	2.3	6	1.7	- 0.6
Rochester, N. Y.	43	2.3	14	6.2	+ 3.9
Milwaukee, Wis.	56	1.7	11	2.8	+ 1.1

HOMICIDE STATISTICS FOR THIRTY AMERICAN CITIES.



MEETING THE ISSUE.

—Carter in the New York Press.



"NOW JUST KEEP YOUR EYE ON ME."

—Donahay in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CONFLICTING VIEWS OF WHERE THE INTERESTS STAND.



A GROUP OF FEDERAL TROOPS.



A SAMPLE OF THE INSURGENTS.

GLIMPSES OF THE CONFLICTING NATIVE FORCES IN NICARAGUA.

violence in larger degree than are their neighbors of the North, the East, or the West.

"But while this defense is Charleston's due, it remains lamentably true that in the South, as in every other part of America, there is lacking that regard for the sacredness of life which should characterize a people claiming to be civilized. The figures make painful reading because they indicate conditions to be growing worse instead of better."

Viewing the situation broadly, the *New York Times* thinks that the increase in homicides, while disheartening, "is probably explainable on other grounds than the degeneracy of the nation." As *The Times* sees it:

"The percentage of homicides per 100,000 of the population of our larger cities increased between 1882 and 1911 from 5.5 to 8.3. The increase of immigration from Southern Europe in these years was enormous. The concentration of the population in the large cities had grown greatly in that period. In Memphis, Tenn., the city which has the worst record for homicides, the negro population is very large. We are not to infer that the white citizens of American birth and training have taken to killing each other more frequently in the last thirty years.

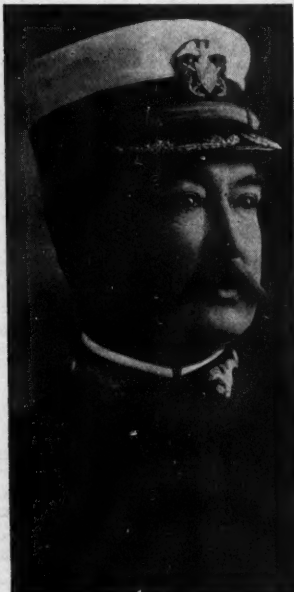
"But there have been causes for the increase of murder. Labor strikes have been more common than formerly, and have often been accompanied by bloodshed. It is claimed, however, that the tables printed in *The Spectator* by Mr. F. L. Hoffman, and reproduced in *The Times* yesterday, ought to make us more lenient judges of Mexico and Central America when we get news of manslaughter in those troubled countries. Throughout the United States the ease with which slayers of men escape punishment has become a grave scandal."

"We can check the increase of murder just as soon as we make would-be murderers know that punishment will be sure and swift, and we can check it in no other way," declares the *New York World*. The American Prison Association's committee on criminal procedure reports that not one out of four murderers in the United States is brought to trial, and that out of twenty-five brought to trial only one receives a death-sentence. According to the same authority ten thousand homicides are committed in this country every year—more than the aggregate number for any ten civilized nations exclusive of Russia.

AMERICAN BLOOD SPILT IN NICARAGUA

WHETHER the seven American marines who fell in battle in Nicaragua were properly fighting "in the interest of order and civilization," as the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* maintains, or lost their lives, as the *New York World* will have it, "solely through our meddling in the domestic affairs of another foreign state," no doubt exists in editorial minds that Admiral Southerland's forces by their gallantry in action have

upheld the best traditions of the service. After a night march, in the dawning of October 4, two battalions, one of marines, the other of sailors, under Col. J. H. Pendleton, stormed the insurgent fortresses of Masaya on Barranca and Cayotepe Hills "as Mad Anthony Wayne stormed Stony Point and as Hooker stormed Lookout Mountain"—says the objecting but admiring *World*. As the dispatches tell us, the forts were defended by a garrison of 2,000, armed with rifles and machine-guns and protected by entrenchments and barbed wire. Cayotepe Hill is 300 feet high, had never been taken by assault, and was noted in the annals of Nicaraguan warfare as an impregnable position. But the marines, by a sudden dash, gained the crest in the face of a fierce fire, captured the guns, and turned them upon the sister fortress on Barranca, compelling its evacuation. The insurgent forces fell back into the city of Masaya, which was soon taken by the Nicaraguan government troops with great slaughter. In the action on the hills the marines lost four killed and eight wounded, mainly by the fire of machine-guns. The insurgent losses were forty killed, seventy-five wounded, and fifteen prisoners. On the same day a command of marines from the *Denver* under Lieutenant-



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ADMIRAL W. H. H. SOUTHERLAND.
Who commands our forces in Nicaragua.

Colonel Long, while seizing and destroying a supply of dynamite bombs on the Chichigalpa Railway, was surrounded by a mob of insurgents, whom the marines repulsed with great loss, themselves suffering a loss of five slightly wounded. On the sixth of October Lieutenant-Colonel Long's command of a thousand men occupied the city of Leon. What is called in the dispatches "an irresponsible mob" opened fire on the

Americans, killing three and wounding four. The marines returned the fire, killing fifty of the mob, wounding forty, and driving the rest out of the town. Washington dispatches state that there are 2,350 marines and bluejackets in Nicaragua, a force deemed amply sufficient, and that the United States will now devote its attention to restoring order, feeding the starving, and assisting in restoring stable government.

In the meantime the battle of conflicting opinions over our right to intervene in Nicaragua, even at the request of the Nicaraguan Government under President Diaz, is waged by the newspapers with considerable spirit. Justifying intervention as necessary and laudable for the protection of American interests and the restoration of law and order, several papers declare that a resort to force would have been unnecessary had not the Senate seen fit to reject the Nicaraguan loan treaty, which, they claim, made provisions that would have enabled the Nicaraguan Government to establish peace and prosperity without carnage or suffering. Thus the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* says:

"That bullets have had to be substituted for dollars, to reverse the expressive phrase employed by Assistant Secretary of State Huntington Wilson, is due wholly to the obstruction of the efforts that were made for the financial rehabilitation of Nicaragua. By the failure of the loan treaty in the United States Senate the predatory spirits of Nicaragua, men of the Zelaya type, were encouraged to revolt against the established Government. It was in this crisis that the United States undertook the police duty, at the urgent request of President Diaz, upon which it is now engaged."

Other papers remind us that the marines were sent, not to intervene in the domestic affairs of Nicaragua, but to protect the lives and property of Americans and Europeans from insurgent bands that disregarded the laws of civilized warfare. The *New Orleans Picayune* approves intervention for proper ends and "a show of firmness" in dealing with Latin-American countries, saying of Nicaragua:

"As it is, the Government of the country is helpless, and were it not for the presence of our forces it would have been long since swept from power. Practically all Americans will applaud Admiral Southerland's attempt to compel by force the proper protection of all foreigners."

The *Picayune* admits that the situation in Nicaragua differs but little save in proportion from the trouble in Mexico, adding,

however, that intervention in Mexico "would be a much more serious affair."

In possible anticipation of adverse criticism of the present use of the American naval forces, the State Department at Washington has prepared a memorandum to be submitted to Congress in which many precedents are cited. The citations include instances of armed intervention in China in 1854, of various retaliatory expeditions in Asia, and mention of the support of the ruling chief in Samoa in 1899, continuing down to intervention in Honduras only last year.

Many conservative papers, on the other hand, renew their objections to armed intervention as establishing a bad and dangerous precedent. The *New York Evening Post* regards our act as "an extraordinary thing":

"If we can attack the rebels there, for what reason should we hesitate to attack the rebels in Santo Domingo or Haiti or Venezuela or Brazil or anywhere else that a revolution is or may be? And if we are going to take sides with the existing Governments, why not issue an ultimatum once for all and say that there shall be no rebellions anywhere to the south of us? It is a most dangerous precedent, full of the possibilities of infinite mischief and thoroughly discreditable to Mr. Taft and his State Department."

The *Post*, however, also prints in a dispatch from New Orleans the following interesting presentation of the views of Lee Christmas, a hero of many Latin-American imbroglis:

"Lee Christmas, commandant of Puerto Cortez, Honduras, said to-day that intervention of the United States in Nicaragua had averted what might have proved the bloodiest general revolt in the history of Central America. The use of American marines, said Christmas, prevented the Nicaraguan revolutionists from capturing the Government.

"If the Liberals had won in Nicaragua the revolution would have spread to Honduras, Guatemala, and possibly Salvador," declared Christmas."

The *New Orleans Times-Democrat* finds it difficult to understand why the American forces should have taken the offensive, but allows somewhat sarcastically that

"We may be sure that the embattled Nicaraguan President and his generals, who have been saved by our first-rate fighting men from a task which they might or might not have accomplished, will testify to the high-mindedness and complete disinterestedness of the State Department's policy and the methods adopted for its enforcement."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

SICKLES should cut it out.—*St. Louis Republic*.

TAKE it from Italy, even a Balkan war-cloud has its silver lining.—*Detroit News*.

THOMAS A. EDISON has come out for T. R. He knows a live wire when he sees one.—*Detroit News*.

THE Industrial Workers of the World seem to spend most of their industry in preventing work.—*Baltimore Sun*.

WHITMAN Calls Curran "Liar" Over Telephone.—*Head-line*. What blessings these modern safety appliances are!—*New York Sun*.

A MAN who was related to both Taft and Wilson has just died in Michigan. Perhaps that was the only way out of it.—*Cleveland Leader*.

THE biographer who undertakes to compile "The Life and Letters of William J. Gaynor" has our sincerest sympathy.—*Columbia State*.

NOT much noise is heard from the farmers over the high cost of living so long as they are called upon to furnish the living.—*Knoxville Sentinel*.

AFTER being characterized by T. R. as an idiot, Dr. Wiley says he joined the Democratic party. Do you feel more at home now, Doc?—*Washington Post*.

WOODROW WILSON speaks courteously of Mr. Taft, but can not be persuaded to go as far as Colonel Roosevelt once went and advocate him for the Presidency.—*Washington Star*.

THE postal receipts in Chicago are greater than in New York, which goes to show that the New Yorker prefers to do business with no records attached.—*Charleston News and Courier*.

EX-KING MANUEL has issued a manifesto to his fellow émigrés in which he says, "I shall always be at your head." And, in fact, he was leading by several lengths when they left Portugal.—*New York Evening Sun*.

"MAKING up time" is too often plunging into eternity.—*Philadelphia Record*.

MUNSEY is the real contributing editor in this campaign.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer*.

AN oil company has gone broke in Oklahoma. You're perfectly correct. It was not that one.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer*.

"ONWARD, Christian Soldiers," ought to be reset to the good tune of "Everybody's Doing It."—*Springfield Republican*.

AN English scientist has produced a stingless bee. This should prove a boon to Presidential aspirants.—*New York Evening Sun*.

THE three candidates for governor are all typical New Yorkers in this: they were born outside of New York.—*Syracuse Post-Standard*.

FORTY women have taken out licenses to shoot deer in Colorado. This looks like a hint to stay away from Colorado.—*Detroit Free Press*.

NOW the householder begins to understand why Shylock thought a mortgage on a pound of flesh sufficient security for his ducats.—*Chicago News*.

IT is impossible to understand why Mexicans should be so much more suspicious of the people of the United States than they are of one another.—*Washington Star*.

Nobody ought to question Mr. Morgan's right to give \$150,000 for the good of his country now and then when he wants to. Doesn't he own the country?—*Baltimore Sun*.

POOR Roosevelt gets jumped on for everything he does. Once Bryan accused Roosevelt of stealing all his pet policies from him, and now the Peerless Leader is out West telling the people what poor selections Roosevelt made.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman*.



AVIATION FOILING STRATEGY

AERIAL SCOUTING upset the tactics of the opposing strategists in the recent British maneuvers so completely, says the *London Times*, that they had to be prematurely brought to an end. Stolen marches, ambushes, and cavalry reconnoiters were made futile by the ever-present eye of the aerial scout, who sent his warnings down by wireless and made secrecy impossible. Mr. Hudson Maxim, who is an authority on aeronautics as well as explosives, said in a recent lecture that military aviation will soon reach the point where the question will not be, "What is the enemy doing behind that hill?" but, "What is the enemy doing behind that cloud?" We seem to be nearly at that point now, to judge by the reports in the British press. As this "fifth arm" of the service has become so important, new questions arise. Thus *The Times* asks which is best for military purposes, the monoplane or the biplane. The terrible loss of life incident to the use of the former leads the specialist of the great London organ to remark:

"With reference to the use of monoplanes during the maneuvers, it will be observed that the proportion of fatal accidents is in the ratio of about 10 to 2 in favor of the biplane. This suggests either a greater degree of stability to the biplane or a greater difficulty in piloting the monoplane. The aeroplanes in use during the maneuvers will be employed entirely in reconnaissance. It is not surprising, therefore, after the accidents of the past week, that the more safe vehicle for reconnaissance will be preferable to machines that seem to be less stable or easy of control.

"It is safe to presume from the results of the army flying competitions held recently on Salisbury Plain that the military authorities favor the biplane for service work. Most of the prize-money went to biplanes. Moreover, it does not

require any special knowledge to see that the radius of vision for observation is far greater in a biplane than in a monoplane, where all forward vision is barred by the engine and propeller.

"The question of tactical operations in the air may call for higher speed than that given by the biplane, but this question is so far hidden in the mists of uncertainty that there is no immediate demand for our pilot officers to take any added risk—if added risk there be during the maneuvers."

That these aerial scouts may sometimes be eluded is reasonably to be expected, says *The Pall Mall Gazette* (London):

"Some very unwise and ill-considered comments have been made upon the circumstance that in the maneuvers a whole division succeeded in effecting an important change of position undetected by the aerial scouts. A moment's reflection will, however, show that it would probably be impossible for a divi-

sion to elude observation if the enemy, instead of being served by a mere handful of aeroplanes, possessed a large number of them, and if, instead of being piloted by comparatively inexperienced men and occupied by officers but little accustomed to aerial reconnaissance, they were manned by thoroughly trained and experienced aerial scouts."

Nor can any kind of weather prove a real obstacle to the employment of these flying spies, for we read:

"No one who witnessed the War Office aeroplane trials or saw the maneuvers would regard the weather as gravely affecting the issue. Actually one pilot in the trials went up in a wind officially recorded as of forty-seven miles per hour—so great a wind that it is not exceeded on more than twenty days in the year.

"The average pilot—even the fliers who are undergoing training at the Central Flying School—commonly go up in winds of twenty-five and thirty miles an hour; and even in this windy country, on an average, there are not more than seventy days in the year when stiffer winds blow."

The European nations, continues this writer, have set England an example in the recent continental maneuvers. There is no time to be lost:

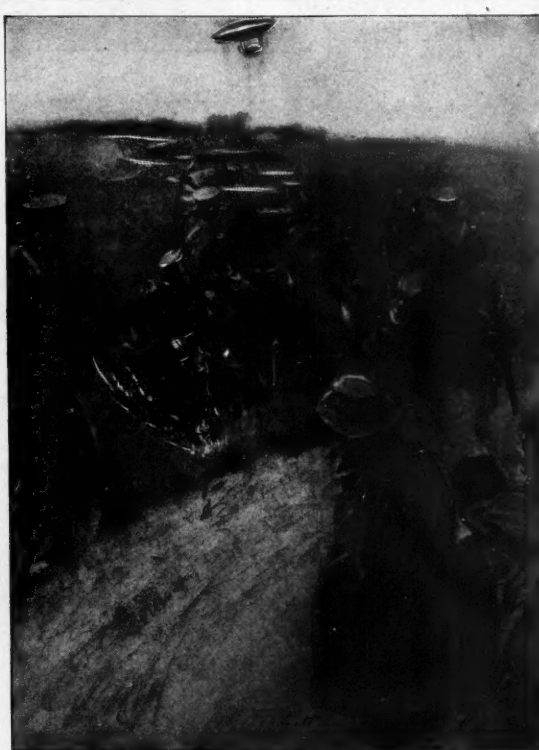
"Great Britain's need is urgent. Strength or weakness aerially may, ere long, mean all the difference between peace and war. France, Germany, and Russia are making determined advances. Germany's real aerial strength has not been exposed in the recent maneuvers. Like England, she has her typical army aeroplane. Germany's leading machine is a monoplane; England's is a biplane. The German machine carries a mitrailleur; the British machine also can carry a gun, but the latter has been more for show than use.

"But whatever the public may think, the British War Office is evidently more or less alive to what is really a

critical question of national security."

While recommending the use of the aeroplane in war instead of the clumsier dirigible, *The Westminster Gazette* (London) attributes the accidents which have recently happened to the incapacity of the pilots, brave, but utterly inexperienced in conducting the course of an airship. In the words of this paper:

"The accidents to the two army dirigibles are a reminder of the delicacy of these craft. With their vast bulk and their fragile envelopes they will probably be always more subject to disablement than are aeroplanes. That is a factor which must be taken into account. But they will be necessary for army purposes, since they have qualities for accurate observation which the swiftly moving aeroplane can not possess. That fact was demonstrated during the army maneuvers of the week.



From the *London "Graphic."*

EARTH SCORES TWO FROM AIR.

At the start of the British maneuvers a squad of cavalry captured two aeroplanes. The troopers were lurking under some trees when the two machines passed overhead. One was in difficulties with its engine, and, not having marked the cavalry, descended in an adjoining field. The second came down to render aid, whereupon the hussars dashed from their cover and captured both.

The Royal Aero Club has issued a report on two of the recent accidents to aeroplanes which has a moral for the War Office. In at least one of the army accidents the officers were driving a new and powerful monoplane with which they had practically no acquaintance. The folly of this can not be too strongly insisted upon. The driver of an ordinary motor-car who was set to race at Brooklands upon a high-power car would come to almost inevitable disaster. The case is even stronger in the matter of an aeroplane. A man can not be expected to control a powerful machine without careful preliminary training. If officers are to be ordered to make flights by their superiors it is of the utmost importance that the higher officers should be scientifically trained men who know what is and what is not possible, and that the brave men who drive these machines should not be called upon to attempt the higher tasks until they have been trained for these."

MUTUAL CRITIQUE OF FRENCH AND GERMAN ARMY EXPERTS

THE ARMY MANEUVERS in France and Germany have given the experts of each nation an opportunity to criticize the military condition of the other. In the *Revue Hebdomadaire* (Paris) the French military writer, Colonel D'Harcourt, gives his opinion very freely with regard to the German Army. He notices the faultless precision and admirable bearing of the men. He speaks of their impeccability on parade. But then he proceeds to ask:

"What is behind this brilliant show? This is a question which many have asked—even in Germany. The formidable character of the German military machine is incontestable, and no Power in the world can put on foot in a relatively short time such important effectives. The active Army in peace time comprises 216 infantry regiments, 105 cavalry regiments, and 94 regiments of field artillery. Why, then, is the value of the German Army doubted in certain quarters? It is because it suffers the marked defects of political rule, it has become old, and the captains and lieutenants fail in the necessary morale and physical activity.

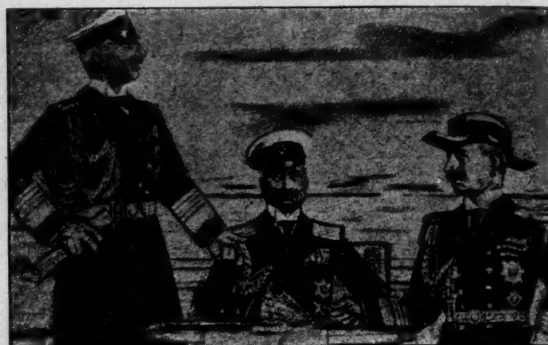


A "MASKED BATTERY"—NEW STYLE.
German field artillery hidden from the eye of the air-scout.

In the meantime the position of an officer in the German Army has lost its former social attractiveness and prestige, and the recruiting has suffered."

This French officer thinks that France has no reason to fear the German Army, for the French are in some ways superior to

their former foemen. The German tactics are slow and cumbersome. The German soldier is superior to the French in physical force, but not in adaptability or initiative. He thus compares the



THE UNIVERSAL KAISER.

"Please notice that in case of war, as Grand Admiral I command the Russian fleet."

"And don't forget that as an English Admiral I command the English fleet."

"Yes, but you will see great doings when I attack you with my German fleet!"

—Lustige Blaetter (Berlin).

flawless tactics of the German Army in its slow-moving masses with the French rapidity and resource:

"The German tactics are extremely simple and adapted to moving large bodies of men only partially trained. The French general is more resourceful and better able to vary his plans in time of war. Comparing French and German aeronautics, the palm must be given to the type of rigid dirigible. The *Zeppelin* possesses speed and ability to rise to great heights. Because of its size it can embark great projectiles, mitrailleuse, and wireless apparatus, and works well at night. But in the matter of aeroplanes France leads. She is superior in the quality of her machines and the ability of her pilots."

The French maneuvers were attended by representatives of the Berlin press and other German military specialists engaged in journalism. The opinion these writers give on the French Army is very favorable. We read in the *Deutsche Tageszeitung* (Berlin), for instance, the following flattering account of French military efficiency:

"For the first time these maneuvers are an exact representation of actual warfare. The fatigue which the troops underwent this year was much greater than on former occasions, and it is only justice to acknowledge the endurance which the French soldiers manifested. Certain regiments made the most astonishing marches and charges. I saw on the evening of the tenth day of these exercises a troop who had just made a march of thirty-six miles trot past in the finest order. Putting aside the consideration of these long marches, the fact that the soldiers were always on the alert, even during the midday rest, is a great credit and an unaccustomed test in troops of any order."

He then treats of the French methods of reconnoitering and of the example set to Germany by the skill of the French scouts and the progress that has been made since the Franco-Prussian War. To quote his words:

"The service of reconnoitering seems to have been confined to the aeroplane squadrons, and this manifested a great step in advance over former methods, it also constituted a great danger. We must realize the fact that time will not always permit of reconnoitering in aeroplanes. Moreover, in preferring aerial reconnoitering the old method of reconnoitering on land is in danger of being neglected. I believe this was frequently the case during these last maneuvers.

Certain airmen rendered singular services to the armies they were attached to, but their efficiency necessarily diminishes in proportion as the two armies approach each other.

"The French character is such that Frenchmen are inclined to exaggerate the services which aeroplanes are destined to render. It is certain that to do what we did in besieging Metz would have been very difficult if these had been employed by the French Army. It is worth while remarking in conclusion that no accident among the aeroplanes happened during these maneuvers."

This writer admits that Germany can profit much by studying the progress of the French Army, and thinks that the report of this progress furnishes a good argument for the granting of a larger military budget by the Reichstag.—*Translations made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

MR. BRYCE ON NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICAN COOLNESS

A KEEN and illuminating comparison between the Anglo-Saxon and Spanish-Americans is drawn by the British Ambassador in Washington in his new book on "South America: Observations and Impressions." He openly declares that South Americans do not like us. If there is no actual antipathy for our citizens felt by the southerner, there is no genial sympathy, and not only are they separated from us by race, tradition, language, and, to some degree, by religion, their business methods, social usages, and habits raise an insurmountable barrier between us and them. Of course in some few points the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon have a link of union. But, as Mr. Bryce remarks:

"With three things—republican forms, social equality, and detachment from European politics—the list of the things which the two Americans have in common ends. Far more numerous and more important are the points in which they stand contrasted.

"Many causes have gone to the making of the contrast. Race and religion, climate and history, have all had their share. The contrast appears both in ideas and in temperament. The

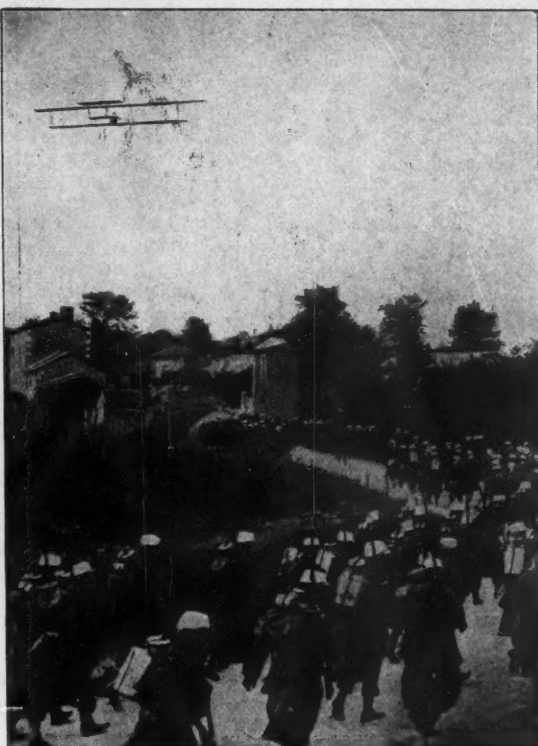


WAR'S NEW ASPECT.

THE POMERANIAN GRENADIER—"So that's what the English call maneuvers! It looks to me more like comic opera."

—Uk (Berlin).

Spanish-American is more proud and more sensitive to any slight. He is not so punctilious in his politeness as is the Spaniard of Europe, and is, indeed, in some countries a little brusque or offhand in manners and speech. But he feels a slight keenly; and he knows how to respect the susceptibilities of his fellow



A "STOLEN MARCH" THAT FAILED.

Infantry column detected by an aeroplane scout in the French maneuvers, where no less than 150 monoplanes and biplanes were used.

citizens. I will not say that he is more pleasure-loving than the North American, for the latter has developed of late years a passion for amusement which would have startled his Puritan ancestors. But he is less assiduous and less strenuous in work, being in this respect unlike the immigrant who comes from Old Spain, especially the Asturian and the Gallego, who is the soul of thrift and the steadiest of toilers. He is not so fond of commercial business, nor so apt for it, nor so eager to 'get on' and get rich. The process of money-making has not for him that fatal attraction which enslaves so many capable men in the United States and (to a less degree) in England and Germany, leaving them to forget the things that make life worth living till it is too late in life to enjoy them. In South America things are taken easily and business concerns are largely in the hands of foreigners."

No, repeats Mr. Bryce, neither race, Latin nor Anglo-Saxon, understands each other or appreciates each other's good qualities. The points of view are different:

"Contrasts of temperament between North and South Americans give rise to different tastes and a different view of life, so that, broadly speaking, the latter are not 'sympathetic' either to the former or to Englishmen. To say that they are antipathetic would be going too far, for there is nothing to make unfriendliness, nor, indeed, is there any unfriendliness. But both North Americans and Englishmen are built on lines of thought and feeling so different from those which belong to South Americans that the races do not draw naturally together, and find it hard to appreciate duly one another's good qualities.

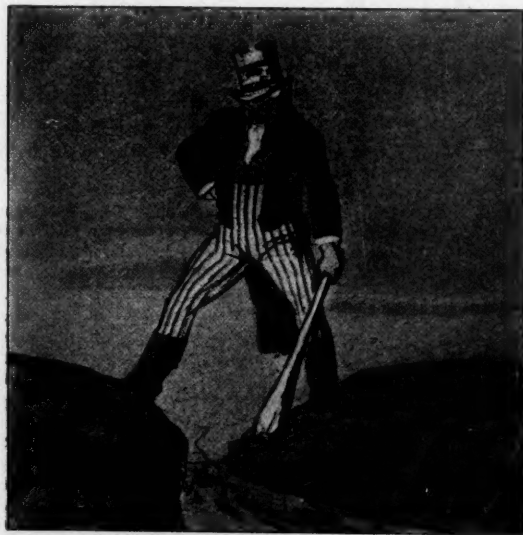
"The use of nicknames has a certain significance. In South America a North American or an Englishman is popularly called a 'Gringo,' as in North America a person speaking Italian or Spanish or Portuguese is vulgarly called a 'Dago.' Neither term has any eulogistic flavor."

But the South Americans desire to be friendly with the United States. They admire our Government's efforts to keep peace "between those of their republics whose smoldering enmities often threaten to burst into flame." They even go so far as

FRENCH PACIFIC PORTS AND PANAMA

THE APPROACHING OPENING of the Panama Canal has roused the interest and attention not only of such seafaring and colonizing races as the Germans, Englishmen, and Canadians, but even of the home-loving French, whose Pacific Ocean possessions jealously clung to, yet little utilized, dot the sea between Central America and Australasia. A writer in the *Nouvelle Revue* (Paris) blames his countrymen for not being alive to their opportunities. They lost Suez through "diplomatic maladress." The French Panama Canal Company was ruined by "political animosities." The Americans have taken up the work, but what shall prevent us, he asks, from reaping the benefit of it in our Pacific possessions, which may be made emporiums of supplies for the world's navies? He reminds his readers that certain French thinkers and statesmen long recognized the important place to be taken by the Pacific in the history of civilization. It is now four years ago that an ex-Minister of the Colonies, M. Guieysse, wrote: "The most important events in the politics of the twentieth century will probably have their stage in the Pacific." His remark was echoed by the learned Baron de Courcel, who declared that "the question of the Pacific will aggrandize the nations in proportion as they interest themselves in it."

This is the exact position taken by the writer in the *Nouvelle Revue*, who wishes to point out to his countrymen how important a place France already occupies in regard to the Panama Canal and the distant East. It was only last year the French Government, he says, fitted out an expedition to learn exactly what French territorial possessions were available in the Pacific



"PAY, AND YOU MAY PASS THROUGH!"

—*Le Cri de Paris*.

FROM FOUR

for coaling and victualing stations. The committee thus dispatched was "to take measures for putting in a condition of efficiency our distant ports in view of the expected opening of the Panama Canal." According to this writer the French already possess all the island territory between Panama and the Far East, for we read:

"The only lands, in fact, which the traveler meets with between Panama, New Zealand, Australia, and even the extreme east islands of India are the French archipelagos of the Society Islands, the Tuamotu Islands, and the Gambier Islands, which together form a regular chain of islets and reefs which extend some 500 leagues from northwest to southeast. The metropolis of this little world whose islets dot the ocean is Papeiti, one of

the points where a great emporium for navigation might be constructed."

This writer adds that the French Pacific islands, many of them fertile and beautifully wooded, are much better suited for coaling stations and the residence of Europeans than Aden is. Even the fact that petroleum is likely eventually to take the place of coal as fuel would have no application with regard to Pacific navigation. Oil stations would merely replace coaling stations:

"Take, for instance, the example of Aden, situated on the route from Europe to India by the Suez Canal. Aden has no resources of its own, it is built upon naked rocks in the most barren region of Arabia, where it rains seldom more often than once in three years, and the only drinking-water is that furnished from distilled sea-water. There vegetation of any kind is a luxury, and there is only one point in which trees are to be seen, and that at a long distance from the city. Yet Aden counts more than 45,000 inhabitants, of whom 1,200, including the garrisons, are Europeans. More than 120 ships touch at Aden every month to take on coal. There is no other industry there beyond the production of 100,000 tons of salt per annum."

As the French refused to give England and America parts of their Pacific territory on which to construct coaling stations this writer asks, "Since rejecting their offers, are we not under a moral obligation to furnish to navigation the facilities which were offered by the two other nations?" He proceeds to reproach his countrymen for their backwardness and remarks:

"When we think what the English have made out of the fishing village which Liverpool was a century back, when we consider what San Francisco and Melbourne were not very long ago, we don't feel particularly proud of being Frenchmen when we compare our domestic and colonial ports with those of foreigners."

"The prosperity of our Pacific possessions is one of the most important considerations for the mother country. The English have fully learned that the prosperity of a great nation abroad as well as at home is shared by every individual citizen. We Frenchmen employ our great qualities of initiative and energy for small tasks and trifling discussions. We forget that the world exists far beyond the limits of our little ward. This is the reason why foreigners are asking us for one of our islands for constructing a port which we ought long ago to have been on the point of finishing, for the Panama Canal will be opened in twelve months. That canal has cost us the ruin of many plans and hopes. Let us then try to repair this loss by building an emporium market and port whose revenues will restore to the wealth of the nation the sums of money sunk in the work which we began, but ought to have been able to finish."—*Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*



UNCLE SAM'S LONG ARM STRETCHES THROUGH AN OPEN CANAL AT PANAMA, MENACING JAPAN.—*Mucha* (Warsaw).

COUNTRIES.



ELECTRICAL IGNORANCE

LACK OF KNOWLEDGE of the danger of the electric current, of what to do to avert it and of how to care for those who have encountered it is deplorably rife. This is somewhat surprising, considering that electricity is now so extensively used for light and power. Emmett Campbell Hall, who writes on the subject in *The Engineering Magazine* (New York, September), tells us that most electrical accidents are due to ignorance or carelessness, and that not infrequently an ill-advised attempt at rescue results in a second accident. He goes on:

"In mines, especially, is there great danger of getting a shock, there being little space, little light, and much dampness, and the fact that the earth is used for a return circuit for the electric current places the miner in the position of standing upon one terminal of an electric generator; therefore, if he touches only a single point connected to the other terminal of the generator, such as a trolley-wire, or a live part of a motor, he is likely to receive a shock which may vary from a severe jolt to a bad burn, or even death.

"The human body is an electric conductor, altho not so good a one as a wire or a metal rail, and current will flow through the body when it is made part of a circuit. The amount of current which will flow through the body depends upon the voltage or pressure of the current, and upon the completeness of the contact between the body and the circuit. A single-cell battery, giving one to two volts, can cause a current to flow through the body, but the current is too small to be felt. A shock, tho not a violent one, will be received from a 110-volt circuit; currents of greater strength must be carefully guarded against.

"If a perfect insulator could be found, a man might stand upon it and place his hand upon a trolley-wire through which a 500-volt current was passing, and receive no shock, because the circuit through the body would not be complete, and no current could flow. If a man should stand on damp earth and handle a charged wire with gloves slightly damp from sweat, he would probably receive a severe shock; if he wore no gloves, the shock would knock him down and possibly kill him. There is no such thing as a perfect insulator, tho for practical purposes a number of things may be so considered. The most that can be done is to insulate the body to such a degree that the current which passes through it will be so small that no shock will be felt. . . . It is not difficult to guard against shock from a 110-volt current, comparatively little insulation being effective. It is much harder to protect the body from 250 volts, and circuits of 500 volts or more should be carefully approached, no matter what form of insulation is used.

"Next to contact with trolley-wires, the most likely cause of shock is contact with parts of machines or equipment that are not supposed or intended to carry current, but are accidentally charged with electricity. This charging is caused by the failure of insulation, or by a live wire coming in contact with the equipment. The frame of a motor or cutting-machine or the iron casing of an enclosed switch may become alive and as dangerous as a trolley-wire.

"The frame of an electric locomotive is usually so completely in contact with the track-rail that a man can not get a shock by standing on the rail and touching the locomotive, even, but this, under one peculiar condition, may not be true. If the rails have been heavily sanded, the locomotive may be almost completely insulated from them, and in that case a shock may be received from the locomotive frame or from the draw-bars of the cars coupled to the locomotive.

"It is impossible to tell whether conditions are safe unless the man concerned has made them so himself—no one can tell by looking at a motor, for instance, whether or not the parts that carry current have come in contact with the frame of the machine. Whenever possible, common sense should dictate that the current be cut off before anything is touched that *might possibly* be charged. If it is impossible to cut off the current, or if repairs must be made to live apparatus, the only way to be safe is to provide something suitable to stand on while doing the work. Dryness is the most desirable quality in such an article. Perfectly dry boards, free from nails, are good.

"Rubber gloves, or leather gloves in good condition and with-

out metallic fastenings, will protect the body from shock. If the rubber covering of gloves is worn thin the gloves give almost no protection, and the same is true of leather gloves which from any cause are damp. Rubber boots without nails in the soles or heels are good protection when new, but if the soles are worn or cracked their value is doubtful. Rubber tape on the handles of pliers and other tools can not be depended on unless the tape has been freshly and carefully applied. If a man has to make some adjustment, he should use but one hand, if possible, and he should also try to place his body in such an attitude that the involuntary recoil from a possible shock will remove his hands from the apparatus instead of causing him to grasp it."

In the remainder of his article Mr. Hall tells how to treat the victim of electric shock. Briefly, he must be pulled away from the electric wire and then revived by getting him to breathe. The first can be accomplished, if there is no switch at hand to turn off the current, by pushing the body with any non-conductor, such as dry wood, or by grasping the victim's clothing without touching his body. The current may sometimes be interrupted by short-circuiting it, so as to blow the fuses. This is done by placing a piece of metal, such as a pipe or a wire, so that it will connect the two sides of the circuit. On a trolley-road a wire may be thrown over the trolley-wire and then brought into contact with the track, taking care, of course, that the rescuer does not get a shock himself and so share the fate of the one he is trying to save.

DANGERS OF HIGH-TENSION LINES

JUST WHAT are the obligations of companies owning and operating high-tension electric transmission lines? A recent court decision in Illinois seems to indicate that they are to be required to take extra precautions in cases where danger is possible, even if not very probable. The conditions that gave rise to litigation are thus described in *The Electric Railway Journal* (New York):

"The transmission wires, worked at 33,000 volts, ran directly over and parallel to the telephone line and about fifteen feet above it. There was no doubt that if a transmission wire had parted it would have been almost certain to fall into the group of telephone wires below, with possibly serious results. . . . From the description of the construction set forth in the evidence the transmission line in question was of a sort suitable enough for common cross-country work, differing only in the height of the poles, which was something like twenty feet greater than is common in wooden pole-line construction. As described it was certainly not a line in which any unusual precautions had been taken against the danger of failure, and while it would probably have stood up under all ordinary contingencies, one can not fairly quarrel with the judge's conclusion that the construction was not adequate for safety considering the peculiar circumstances of its use. In particular, the absence of precautions against lightning striking the poles and the relatively light cross-arm employed were features not to be encouraged where extra care in construction would seem desirable. If it becomes necessary to overbuild a low-tension line for a moderate distance, the factors of safety from every standpoint ought to be increased far beyond the exigencies of ordinary cross-country practise. In this instance there would have been no particular difficulty nor any great expense in adopting a construction which for all practical purposes would have obviated the hazards feared."

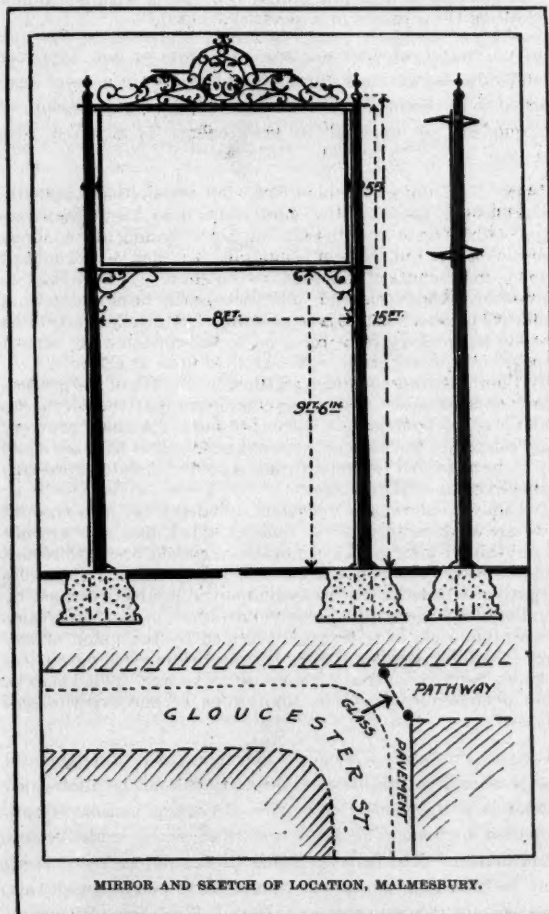
The court ruled that extra precautions must be taken, considering the location of the line. This was sound as far as it went, but the writer thinks it could not well go far enough to specify the precautions that would be held adequate. Wires to support the transmission line, he says, are much more likely to come down, to the detriment of things below, than are the transmission wires themselves. Safety precautions should consist rather in greatly increased factors of safety and thorough pro-

tection against lightning and interference with outside sources than in intricate special constructions. He suggests:

"There seems to be no adequate reason why on country roads, and on occasion in public streets, transmission circuits of the ordinary voltages should not be run, provided thoroughly sound construction and an adequate factor of safety are employed. We are glad to see everywhere safe and sound construction enforced. It is desirable, however, that there should be general agreement as to what constitutes such construction and that the question should not be left to chance. It would be an extremely good thing if the organizations interested in high-voltage transmission could standardize a construction adequate to meet cases like the one before us. Still better would it be if in those States which maintain public-service commissions or their equivalent definite agreement could be had as to the precautions necessary to be taken for public safety."

MIRRORS FOR STREET CORNERS

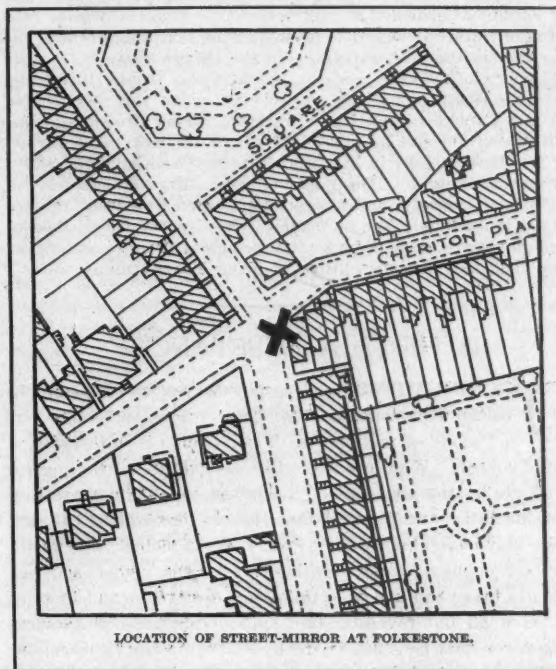
AN IDEA which does not appear to have been introduced in this country is reported from England by *The Municipal Journal* (New York, September 5). The object is to prevent collision of teams at street intersections or angles, and the device by which this is effected consists of a mirror fixt on a building or supported on posts at such an



angle that those driving toward the intersection along either street may have a view of the intersecting street. We read:

"A. E. Nichols, borough engineer at Folkestone, states that he fixt a reflector 24 inches square at a street intersection, this reflector or mirror having cost \$7.50. This was supported on a standard of 1½-inch gas-pipe set in the ground. This mirror is occasionally cleaned by the lamp-lighter when cleaning the lamps. The mirror used in this case was a plain, flat one, but

Mr. Nichols suggests that they would be of greater value if slightly convex, in order that a larger area could be observed than is possible with a flat mirror. At Malmesbury, according to Borough Surveyor Chas. Bowman, a mirror has been erected



on two pillars spanning a pathway at a dangerous turn, as shown in the illustration. This requires scarcely any cleaning, being wiped off about once in three months, but 'is not of much use on a foggy or frosty morning until the sun or rain has been on it for a few minutes.' In each case the engineer states that there have been no accidents at the corners in question since the mirrors were established."

GLASS, IRON, AND PAPER CLOTHES

IT HAS REMAINED for the twentieth century to show us the advantages of garments made of minerals. Incredible as it may seem, stone, iron, and even glass are now being manufactured into clothes. Some of these strange garments are described by a writer in *The Inventive Age* (Washington, October 1). The latest novelty in women's dresses, he informs us, is represented by robes of spun glass. The cloth comes in shades of white, green, lilac, pink, and yellow. The inventor is an Austrian, and the goods are as bright and flexible as silk.

"The first lady to wear a glass dress was of royal rank, which insures the popularity of the material. It was of a delicate shade of lavender shot with pink, and its peculiar sheen reminded observers of the sparkle of diamond-dust.

"The Russians are manufacturing a fabric from the fiber of a filamentous stone from the Siberian mines, which is said to be of so durable a nature that it is practically indestructible. The material is soft to the touch and pliable in the extreme, and when soiled has only to be placed in a fire to be made absolutely clean.

"Iron cloth is largely used to-day by tailors everywhere for the purpose of making the collars of coats set properly. This cloth is manufactured from steel wool and has the appearance of having been woven from horsehair.

"Wool not the product of sheep is being utilized abroad for men's clothing. This is known as 'limestone wool' and is made in an electric furnace. Powdered limestone, mixt with certain chemicals, is thrown into the furnace, and after passing through a furious air-blast it is tossed out as fluffy white wool. When it comes from the furnace the wool is dyed and made into lengths, like cloth. A pair of trousers or a coat made of this

material can not, it is claimed, be burned or damaged by grease, and is as flexible as cloth made of sheep's wool.

"Other novelties in clothing include those made from paper and cordage. An English manufacturer has succeeded in making fabric from old ropes. He obtained a quantity of old rope and cordage, unraveled it, and wove it by a secret process into a kind of cloth. It is said to be so durable that a large trade has grown up in this line, especially in the British colonies.

"Paper clothes were worn by the Japanese troops during the war with Russia, and they were found to be very serviceable and much warmer than those of cloth. Paper dressing-gowns, bath-robos, and similar articles of attire are now being turned out by the cart-load in England, France, Germany, and other European countries. The paper of which they are made is of the 'blotter' variety, and after being treated by a new process is dyed in various colors or printed with a pretty floral design. Even gloves are made of paper, the principal claim to advantage being that they are susceptible of being cleaned many times."

IS HEAT A SUBSTANCE?

ONE TRIUMPH of modern physics has been thought to be the demonstration that heat is not a substance but a "mode of motion," as Tyndall puts it—otherwise, a form of energy. What are we to think, therefore, of the suggestion made by the president of the British Association's section of mathematics and physics, that the old, discarded "caloric" theory may be right after all? Prof. H. L. Callendar, who would have been condemned for scientific heresy twenty years ago, has evidently taken courage from the recent discoveries and theories that have all but revolutionized modern physics. He assures us, however, that he is not asking us to throw away the accepted theories of energy. What we have been calling "heat" and measuring as heat is merely, he tells us, the energy of heat. The heat itself may well be a substance that carries the energy, somewhat as a stream of water carries the energy that enables it to turn a mill-wheel. After the wheel is passed the water has lost some of its energy, but the water itself has not disappeared. Says Professor Callendar (to quote from the text of his address printed in *Science*, New York, September 13):

"The caloric theory is generally represented as being fundamentally opposed to the kinetic theory and to the law of the conservation of energy. I would . . . remark at the outset that this is not necessarily the case, provided that the theory is rightly interpreted and applied in accordance with experiment. Mistakes have been made on both theories, but the method commonly adopted of selecting all the mistakes made in the application of the caloric theory and contrasting them with the correct deductions from the kinetic theory has created an erroneous impression that there is something fundamentally wrong about the caloric theory, and that it is in the nature of things incapable of correctly representing the facts. I shall endeavor to show that this fictitious antagonism between the two theories is without real foundation. They should rather be regarded as different ways of describing the same phenomena. Neither is complete without the other. The kinetic theory is generally preferable for elementary exposition, and has come to be almost exclusively adopted for this purpose; but in many cases the caloric theory would have the advantage of emphasizing at the outset the importance of fundamental facts which are too often obscured in the prevailing method of treatment."

Professor Callendar insists that such common statements as the one that "heat is a form of energy and not a material fluid" are based on misconceptions. He says:

"The experimental fact underlying this statement is that our ordinary methods of measuring quantities of heat in reality measure quantities of thermal energy. When two substances at different temperatures are mixed, the quantity remaining constant—provided that due allowance is made for external work done and for external loss of heat—is the total quantity of energy. Heat is a form of energy merely because the thing we measure and call heat is really a quantity of energy. . . .

"The term *heat* has become so closely associated with the energy measure that it is necessary to employ a different term,

caloric, to denote the simple measure of a quantity of heat as opposed to a quantity of heat energy. The measurement of heat as caloric is precisely analogous to the measure of electricity as a quantity of electric fluid. In the case of electricity, the quantity measure is more familiar than the energy measure, because it is generally simpler to measure electricity by its chemical and magnetic effects as a quantity of fluid than as a quantity of energy."

Professor Callendar believes strongly that what he calls the substance of heat, as opposed to its energy, is closely connected with the mathematical quantity called by engineers "entropy." He is not bothered by the fact that this quantity is by no means constant in nature, but is constantly increasing. To quote again:

"Energy so far as we know must always be associated with something of a material nature acting as carrier, and there is no reason to believe that heat energy is an exception to this rule. The tendency of the kinetic theory has always been to regard entropy as a purely abstract mathematical function, relating to the distribution of the energy, but having no physical existence. . . . In a similar way, some twenty years ago the view was commonly held that electric phenomena were due merely to strains in the ether, and that the electric fluids had no existence except as a convenient means of mathematical expression. Recent discoveries have enabled us to form a more concrete conception of a charge of electricity, which has proved invaluable as a guide to research. Perhaps it is not too much to hope that it may be possible to attach a similar conception with advantage to caloric as the measure of a quantity of heat."

But no matter whether we agree with him or not, Professor Callendar holds, we must admit, for physicists in general have admitted it in recent years, that some independent measure of heat quantity as opposed to heat energy is required. He continues:

"Many . . . objections have been felt rather than explicitly stated, and are therefore the more difficult to answer satisfactorily. Others arise from the difficulty of attaching any concrete conception of a quantity of something to such a vague and shadowy mathematical function as entropy. The answer to the question 'What is caloric?' must necessarily be of a somewhat speculative nature. But it is so necessary for the experimentalist to reason by analogy from the seen to the unseen that almost any answer, however crude, is better than none at all. . . .

"Without insisting too much on the exact details of the process, we may at least assert with some confidence that the corpuscles of caloric which constitute a current of heat in a metal are very closely related to the corpuscles of electricity, and have an equal right to be regarded as constituting a material fluid possessing an objective physical existence.

"If I may be allowed to speculate a little on my own account (as we are all here together in holiday mood, and you will not take anything I may say too seriously), I should prefer to regard the molecules of caloric, not as being identical with the corpuscles of negative electricity, but as being neutral doublets formed by the union of a positive and negative corpuscle, in much the same way as a molecule of hydrogen is formed by the union of two atoms. Nothing smaller than a hydrogen atom has yet, so far as I know, been discovered with a positive charge. This may be merely a consequence of the limitations of our experimental methods."

In fine, Professor Callendar concludes, the fundamental property of caloric, that its total quantity can not be diminished and that it is the vehicle or carrier of energy, is most simply represented by imagining it to consist of some indestructible form of matter. The fact that, altho it can not be diminished, it may be increased, appears at first sight to conflict with this, for we can not generate matter. Here is Professor Callendar's explanation of this anomaly:

"When we speak of caloric as being generated, what we really mean is that it becomes associated with a material body in such a way that we can observe and measure its quantity by the change of state produced. The caloric may have existed previously in a form in which its presence could not be detected. In the light of recent discoveries we might suppose the caloric generated to arise from the disintegration of the atoms of matter. No doubt some caloric is produced in this way, but those corpuscles that

are so strongly held as to be incapable of detection by ordinary physical methods require intense shocks to dislodge them. A more probable source of caloric is the ether, which, so far as we know, may consist entirely of neutral corpuscles of caloric. . . .

"Without venturing too far into the regions of metaphysical speculation . . . we may at least assert with some degree of plausibility that material bodies under ordinary conditions probably contain a number of discrete physical entities, similar in kind to x-rays or neutral corpuscles, which are capable of acting as carriers of energy. . . . If we go a step farther and identify these corpuscles with the molecules of caloric, we shall certainly come in conflict with some of the fundamental dogmas of the kinetic theory, which tries to express everything in terms of energy, but the change involved is mainly one of standpoint or expression. The experimental facts remain the same, but we describe them differently."

MUSIC IN WIRELESS

THE USE of a rapid succession of sparks in wireless telegraphy, manifesting itself as a musical tone in the receiving telephone, has been recommended as making messages more easily distinguishable. It has been found, however, we are told by the *Revue Scientifique* (Paris), that this can not be done with loud, clear tones. Experiments to produce tones that will be both musical and loud have apparently not met with much success. Says the paper named above:

"The emission of sparks at the rate of 20 to 30 per second gives in the receiving telephone a sort of rolling noise, which may easily be confounded with those caused by so-called 'atmospheric parasites,' due to variations of static potential or to far-off atmospheric discharges. By substituting for this noise a sound of musical character, experience shows that we may often more easily distinguish the 'parasitic' noises. And it is for the number of vibrations corresponding to musical frequencies (800 to 1,000 per second) that the telephonic receivers of high resistance used in wireless present a maximum sensibility.

"Investigations made in recent years by Wien and Austin on the sensitiveness of receiving telephones have shown that it is best to use frequencies going as high as 1,000 a second.

"In practise very pure musical tones are obtained, but their intensity is always quite small. The reason is that the energy transmitted to the telephone by the detector is dependent on that furnished to the detector by the waves that it receives; this depends in turn on the energy radiated by the transmitter. Now, when we seek a high musical frequency, experience shows that the tension of the sparks necessarily diminishes, and consequently also both the primary and the radiated energy. Hence the feeble intensity of the signals perceived.

"Mr. Shunkichi Kimura has been endeavoring to see whether sparks of a frequency of 1,000 a second, giving a very pure musical sound, could not be produced with augmented tension by employing a greater primary power, furnishing thus an increase of the radiated energy.

"Calculation leads to negative conclusions. The use of a spark-frequency of 1,000 a second necessitates absolutely the sacrifice of spark-tension, and hence of both primary and secondary power, at least in a large measure. On the contrary, if we do not require such a high frequency, the utilization of both primary and secondary powers may be much more satisfactory."

—Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.

A MISGUIDED SWINDLER—Under this caption a tale of an enterprising but mistaken English swindler who sold dried peas as little liver pills and was arrested is told by *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago, September 28). Says this paper:

"They were sold on the assurance that they were 'excellent medicine.' Of course, dried peas are not an 'excellent medicine,' neither will they cure 'liver trouble,' but the same may be said of the many 'liver pills' which contain drugs and are sold under claims even more fraudulent. The British swindler should have been better informed. When he desires to sell 'liver pills' he should put some drugs in them—poisonous or otherwise, the kind doesn't matter. Then he can lie about his product to his heart's content and he will be immune from arrest. In fact, if he can sell enough of them he may look for-

ward to a peerage. In Great Britain, as in the United States, it is not the mere act of swindling, but the method, that proves dangerous."

WHAT PANAMA CAN TEACH US

SUCCESS having crowned our efforts to solve the knotty problems of making Panama a livable spot and of constructing a ship-canal across it, Americans are beginning to ask why we should not get the benefit of some of this skill at home. If the pestilential swamps of the tropics can be cleared of mosquitoes, why should the beautiful suburbs of New Jersey and the Sound region continue to suffer? And if the raging Chagres River—the *bête noir* of previous canal projectors—has been turned into a quiet lake and made to keep within safe boundaries, why should floods in our own great streams destroy millions of dollars' worth of our hard-earned property? As a matter of fact, the success of our work with the Chagres has been setting river-engineers to thinking. Says *Cassier's Magazine* (New York, August) in its editorial department:

"When the actual construction of the Panama Canal was studied by engineers of experience in the special departments of work involved, it became evident to all that the chief problem to be solved was not the cutting of a channel through the narrow portion of land forming the isthmus, but rather the control of the irregular and torrential flow of the Chagres River. The fact that practically all the drainage of an extensive and steep watershed had to reach the sea through this stream, together with the climatic conditions which included much rainfall, rendered this portion of the problem a matter for serious consideration, since upon its practical solution depended the success of all the rest of the undertaking.

"It is now well known that the creation of Gatun Lake, providing an extensive reservoir, into which the sudden increase of the volume of flow could be received without making any serious variation in level, was the true method of controlling the Chagres River and of converting it not only into a well-regulated supply of water for the canal, but also of providing ample hydraulic power for all operative purposes of the canal.

"Now that the work is nearly completed, it may well be considered if the lesson thus learned may not be applied, without delay, to the solution of a similar problem within the borders of the United States, and possibly save for the country losses which exceed the cost of the construction of the entire waterway at the isthmus.

"The destructive floods of the Mississippi River are of frequent occurrence, and it seems as if the existing methods of protection against them by the construction and maintenance of levees and bank reinforcements are inadequate, and even antiquated, when considered as sole defenses against the river floods. The lesson at Panama would indicate that the true method of treating the problem of the Mississippi would be the creation of a number of artificial lakes similar to that at Gatun, and for a similar purpose, their location and size to be determined by topographical and commercial considerations. A number of such lakes, produced by damming the stream at points where the accumulation of water could be controlled, would enable the excess of water to be stored and held back over such areas as would produce but moderate changes in level, even during the season of maximum flow, and thus protect the lower reaches of the river from danger and render the existing levees ample to insure safety. The stored water, as at Panama, would be available for regulated power development, and also enable the desired flow to be maintained during the season when low water would otherwise prevail.

"The importance of considering this matter at the present time appears because the United States Government is now in possession of a complete organization, administration, and engineering equipment for the execution of such a plan. Instead of disposing of the extensive equipment so soon to finish its work at the isthmus, the rational and efficient thing to be done would be its transfer to the Mississippi Valley and its immediate use in the creation of a series of regulating lakes which would remove permanently all further danger of flood damage while conserving the power of the great river for useful service. The most inefficient thing which would be done would be the disposal of the Panama equipment and the dispersal of its personnel while such an evident and immediate task is awaiting its services."



NOT SCENE, BUT "DECORATION," ACCORDING TO POST-IMPRESSIONIST SHAKESPEARE.

The medley of costumes shown in Mr. Barker's production has roused a chorus of critical ridicule. Mr. Barker declares he has only taken "a little of the freedom of spirit and fearlessness of purpose" with which Mr. Craig and Mr. Poel have pioneered.

"POST-IMPRESSIONIST" SHAKESPEARE

AVOID having perhaps been reached by post-impressionism in its forward progress, it is turning its eye backward to appropriate the kingdoms of the past, and has fallen foul of Shakespeare. This is the view of the *London Times* critic concerning Mr. Barker's production there of "The Winter's Tale," and he resigns himself almost with a sigh, murmuring, "It was bound to come . . . like it or lump it." The strange array in which Mr. Barker's (or rather Shakespeare's) characters disport themselves have, by the grace of the program, been "designed by Mr. Albert Rothenstein after Giulio Romano." That is only Mr. Barker's fun, insists Mr. Walkley of *The Times*. "The costumes," he tells us, "are after Beardsley and still more after Bakst; the busbies and caftans and deep-skirted tunics of the courtiers come from the Russian ballet, and the bizarre smocks and fallals of the merrymakers at the sheep-shearing came from the Chelsea Arts Club ball. Warriors are stuck all over with plumes, and look like fantastic and expensive toys." *The Times*' critic has more of this sort of description to indicate how far the Shakespeare of Sir Herbert Tree or of a previous tradition is left behind:

"At *Hermione's* trial the officers of the court wear comically exaggerated birettas, the usher burlesques his indietment, and the whole scene suggests Beaumarchais. You expect *Brid'oison* and his stutter. The *Old Shepherd* inhabits a model bungalow from the Ideal Home Exhibition with Voysey windows. *Leontes* reclines upon a seat which is frankly Art Nouveau. The Bohemian peasants are genuine Thomas Hardy. Squads of supers have symmetrical automaton-like movements which show the influence of 'Sumurdn.' Yes, there is no other word for it save the word that in popular usage denotes a special kind of artistic assault on conventionalism; it is Post-Impressionist Shakespeare.

"It is very startling and provocative and audacious, and on the whole we like it. After all, 'The Winter's Tale' is not as solemn as an Ulster Covenant, but just the expression of a poet's rather wayward mood; and the waywardness of it Mr. Barker has happily caught and emphasized for us. There is an air of improvisation about his work; you feel that he might vary his effects from night to night. If he is now and then a little too

freakish, you are ready to forgive him because this queer Shakespeare of his has the sovereign virtue of being alive. In particular, the sheep-shearing revels are not only alive, but kicking. The morris and country dances are a riot of jollity; none of your 'poetry of motion,' but uncouth, rustic bumping and jerking. *Perdita* alone dances, as *Polixenes* marks, 'featly.'

"It must be added that with all Mr. Barker's exertions, some parts of 'The Winter's Tale' are less alive than others. The least alive are the crowned heads. *Polixenes* has just enough flicker of life in him to make him a bore. *Leontes* is 'tearing and raging' with life; but he only illustrates the truth that it is possible to be at once violent and dull. *Hermione* is virtuously long-suffering and dull. Mr. Ainley and Miss Lillah McCarthy try hard to make out that they are not really so dull as they seem, but it won't do. Neither the infinite variety of Mr. Ainley's 'business' and gestures and poses, his crouching upon couches and groveling in corners, nor Miss McCarthy's exercises in 'living statues' can hoodwink us into the belief that this royal pair are not dull. And their wigs are really too Post-Impressionist for us. Why mix up Shakespeare and the fuzzy-wuzzy Tahitians in that exhibition at the Grafton Gallery? After the dull royalties the outspoken *Paulina* is a great refreshment. Miss Esmé Beringer plays her with immense gusto. Another relief to the dullness of Sicilian court circles is forthcoming in the *Steward* of Mr. Nigel Playfair, who talks connoisseurship about Giulio Romano and enjoys his own eloquence with a delightful sense of Shakespearian fun."

Mr. Walkley is no doubt relishing his own description of Mr. Barker's efforts, but his imagination or his memory goes astray surely when, in trying to picture the ugliness of some of the costumed rustics, he can remember nothing quite so ugly since "we saw Wessex rustics in the New York production of 'Tess' played by Irish girls from the Bowery in gowns pieced together from fragments of chintz bed-curtains." How long is it since Irish were *locum-tenens* of the Bowery?

Other innovations of Mr. Barker's scheme are the simplification of scenery almost to the standard of Mr. Gordon Craig's screens, and a rearrangement of the ordinary act division into parts one and two, with a fifteen-minute wait between them. Thereby much time is gained, so that the play, aided by increased rapidity in delivery, is given practically in entirety. If Mr. Walkley

is amused, as he frankly confesses, Mr. Baughan of *The Daily News* finds that "in this attempt Shakespeare has suffered":

"He has been made the stalking-horse for Mr. Norman Wilkinson's simple-minded scenery, for Mr. Albert Rothenstein's baroque costumes, and for Mr. Granville Barker's love of a stage picture. The real expression of the drama—the poet's verse—is killed by spiritless gabbling. Acting is sacrificed to a false idea of the need of rapidity of action. The dramatis personæ are the merest puppets."

The reviewer for *The Daily Chronicle*, begging "to put it candidly," declares that "there is a very great deal 'too much Barker'":

"Instead of allowing Shakespeare to 'chance his arm' on his own account, Mr. Barker again and again gets in front of him, and hurls at our heads an experimental medley of Gordon Craig, Reinhardt, Poel, Rothenstein, and Norman Wilkinson, generally in a dazzling white flare to show off the costumes. One can not hear the *Old Shepherd's* tale to *Polizenes* for the shout and scramble of Miss Mary Neal's morris-dancers."

So staid a journal as the *London Spectator*, however, is enthusiastically on Mr. Barker's side. "When every detraction has been made," its writer asserts, "Mr. Barker's attempt can fairly be described as the most interesting Shakespearian revival that has been seen in London within the memory of this generation." "The tradition of Shakespearian production in England for the last generation," it is further declared, "has been beneath contempt," with this addition:

"The outstanding features of recent Shakespearian productions are lack of intelligence and lack of beauty. The conventional method of delivering blank verse, as taught by elocutionists, is so monotonous, so slow, and disregards so completely not only the sense but the feeling express in the lines, that an audience can scarcely be cajoled into listening for more than a few minutes at a time; and since so much of Shakespeare is written in blank verse, the unhappy producer is forced to look elsewhere for means of holding his audience's attention."

These and many other comments, unfavorable and otherwise, drew to *The Daily Mail* a letter from Mr. Barker in the vein of "apology," paying at the outset his respects to Mr. Gordon Craig, who, he declares, "is an excellent man to steal from":

"Mr. Craig is a bit of a genius (I hope he will agree with me that one must not use that word to the full too rashly) and he is wholly an idealist. He will have no less than the dramatic kingdom of heaven on earth; he will have perfection as he sees it or nothing. I, on the other hand, am but a plodding theatrical shopkeeper, producing plays as best I can, and as well as I know how, for the mere entertainment of the public.

"Now, as with all idealists, Mr. Craig's influence has been mainly destructive. Certainly his own production twelve years ago of Mr. Laurence Housman's 'Bethlehem' destroyed for me once and for all any illusion I may have had as to the necessity of surrounding every performance of a play with the stuffy, fussy, thickly bedaubed canvas which we are accustomed to call stage scenery, while he opened my eyes to the possibilities of real beauty and dignity in stage decoration. I owe him (we all should) a great debt of gratitude. I gladly acknowledge it.

"Then, as far as the production of Shakespeare goes, I am grateful, too (and again so should we all be), to Mr. William Poel—that other destructive idealist—who taught me how swift and passionate a thing, how beautiful in its variety, Eliza-

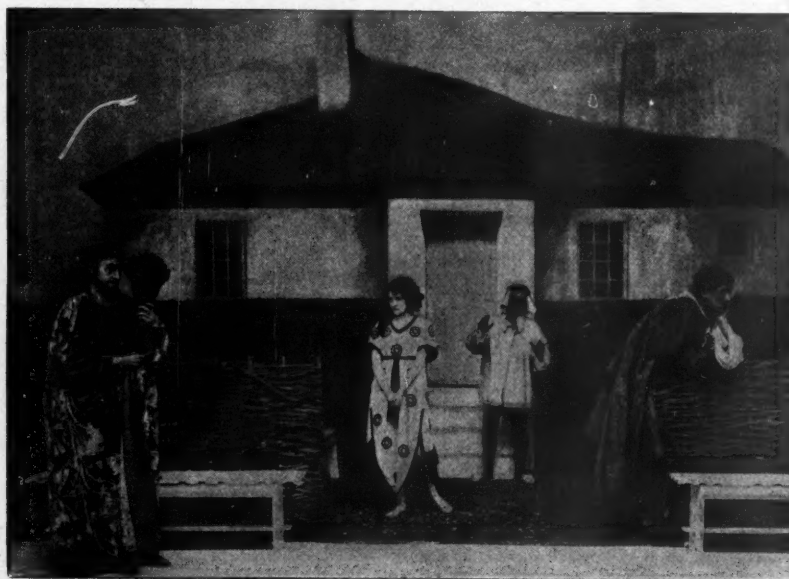
bethan blank verse might be when tongues were trained to speak and ears acute to hear it.

"So what I am trying to steal—and am proud to be stealing—from Mr. Craig and Mr. Poel is a little of the freedom of spirit and fearlessness of purpose with which they have pioneered.

"Norman Wilkinson, Albert Rothenstein, and I have set out, quite simply and sincerely, by the method of trial and error (for he who makes no mistakes makes nothing) and by the light of our own wits and imagination to interpret a dramatic masterpiece. All we ask in return of the critics and the public is to be allowed to make that trial upon their open minds and natural taste, not upon their artificially stimulated prejudices. There is no Shakespearian tradition. At most we can deduce from a few scraps of knowledge what Elizabethan methods were, while as to our modern productions, de luxe—dislike or admire—I am sure Betterton, Garrick, or Kean would be far too breathless with amazement to take up a part in them at any short notice. We have the text to guide us, half a dozen stage directions, and that is all. I abide by the text and the demands of the text, and beyond that I claim freedom."

STUDENTS IN CANADA

CANADIAN MILLIONAIRES would like to educate their sons at Oxford, writes an Oxonian who has taught for two years in Toronto University and sees both fields sympathetically. There is, however, an unwished-for contingency. "If that means coming back with kid gloves, a walking-stick, a cigaret, and an 'English accent,' it is not worth the price," so many of them send their sons to Canadian colleges. The millionaires have known poverty from personal experience, we are told, and "if their homes are all up to the standard of costliness exacted by public opinion, architects, and upholsterers, the owner's energy is unimpaired and his outlook unchanged." Characteristics like these, reflected in the students in Toronto, for instance, are entirely a godsend



THE COTTAGE "DECORATION"

In "The Winter's Tale." To one irreverent critic this looks like "a model bungalow from the Ideal Home Exhibition." In this scene appear Camillo, Perdita, Old Shepherd, and Florizel.

to the teacher of such a subject as history, says Mr. Kenneth Bell, who sketches in *The Cornhill Magazine* the aims and aptitudes of the Canadian college students. We read:

"That limited amount of their time which the claims of biology, psychology, Latin, Greek, English, French, Italian, Spanish,

and religious knowledge allow them to give him, they will give—the best of them—with a zest and freshness which makes his own memory of his undergraduate days a constant accusation. Perhaps an English boy's appreciation of history is not seldom actually blunted by the number of battle-fields, rivers, churches,



THE INNER PORTAL OF THE TEMPLE OF ISIS, AT PHILAE.

For ten years "the brilliant tints of the sun-kissed stonework have been washed into a dull gray or hidden by the growth of water-weeds."

and museums which he has revered, without quite knowing why, from his youth up. The Canadian boy, on the other hand, when you first get him at the age of seventeen or so, has about history the completely open mind of one who has hitherto only learned dates and treaty-clauses by heart for the mysterious purposes of school education. If he or she can only be induced to read good books, to use an index intelligently, to puzzle out a personal opinion from conflicting verdicts, to question the authority even of the author of 'The Textbook'—in a word, to think—as if by magic he seems to realize all at once the relevance, the crucial importance, of the past for him, and through him for the country.

"At Oxford it used to be notorious that Burke was a man to be 'looked over' for schools. But never had a prophet more honor out of his own country than Burke among Canadian students. The whole temper of the man who regarded politics as a religion comes as a revelation to the intelligent Canadian. Burke seems to give, as no one else can, a touchstone by which to judge the whole character of the Canadian democracy; a revelation that if Canada is illiterate, disunited, politically corrupt, crudely individualistic, lacking in social consciousness and clear-sighted patriotism, she has in the solid moral force of her best people the true talisman against her temptations—that it is by moral and not economic forces that she can become a democracy indeed. And as with Burke, so with Cromwell, and Morley's Life of him, with Bagehot and with Dicey—to introduce Canadian students to these men and books, when one felt the spirit, the real 'appetite for fundamentals' with which they took up the study, was a genuine inspiration. It is surely by this spirit, far more than by any amount of 'opening up the country,' that the future of Canada and the Empire will be assured. Any one who has taught in a Canadian university can not help feeling that the most truly imperial of all the acts of Cecil Rhodes was the making of the great bequest which has revealed such immense potentialities of cooperation and fellowship between the universities not of the Empire alone, but, beyond that, of the whole sphere of Anglo-Saxon traditions."

That knowledge which nearly all Canadian students, male and female, have of how things are done in the real world is an added help in the study of history, and was heartily appreciated by the teacher from overseas, who writes:

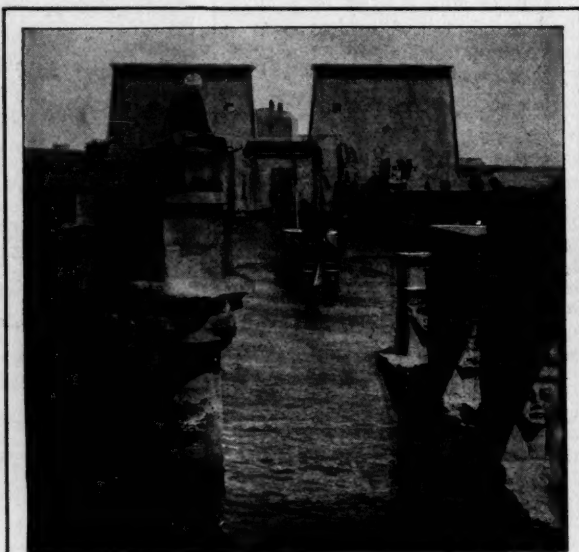
"If you have gone out alone four days' journey by train to a wild Western settlement and stayed there teaching school for three months among strangers who perhaps can hardly speak

English; if you have been up and down the great railways as a commercial traveler, or worked all summer in a sawmill with lumber-jacks; or even taken a year or two in an office to make some money before you went on from school to university—you are not altogether innocent of the world. You must, to be sure, be somehow cured of getting up history as you would get up typewriting or shorthand—by a mechanical process of straining the memory—but, once cured, you will be likely to grip its problems and appreciate its workings with no little shrewdness and insight. By such experiences the best type of Canadian student is manufactured—and the best is very good indeed.

"It is in fact their instant response to 'humane' treatment which makes the students of Toronto irresistibly attractive. Their surprise at being regarded by the professors as anything else than takers of notes, at not being treated consistently in the way a business man treats his 'stenographer,' is almost pathetic. They are so unaccustomed to the idea of getting anything but notes and examination papers from those in authority that they will even—rushing to the other extreme—arrange an interview with you only to ask for 'a few pointers' on how to reply 'at a banquet some of the boys have fixt up down-town' to the toast of 'the King'! Once reveal your telephone number and you must expect to be rung up at all hours of the day and night. But, after all, without the telephone could a non-residential university exist? One advantage, at least from the professorial point of view, such a university has: it makes almost any attempt to set up human relations with undergraduates immensely appreciated. A meal which is not one of a series at twenty cents each is a real attraction to the 'roomer,' and an 'open fire' can often bribe him to stay on talking about anything but football till toward midnight."

The picture he gives kaleidoscopically of Toronto shows it patterned more after the American ideal than the British. Thus:

"It is all too familiar an oratorical tag that within the Empire liberty is the one binding force making for unity. The present writer for himself did not understand the inspirations of the idea till he plunged fresh from Oxford into the vortex in which live the students of Toronto. For Toronto, with innumerable differences of detail, is a university in essentially the same sense as is Oxford. And yet it never is and never will be the least like Oxford. Perhaps it seems trivial to adduce as evidence of this last statement that, for instance, it has a 'campus' instead of many quadrangles, or a faculty instead of 'Dons,' and students instead of undergraduates; that it possesses, moreover,



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SOUTH COLONNADE AND TEMPLE OF ISIS.

"The flooding of Philae had as its alternative the risk of the starvation of Egypt."

a 'Residence,' a 'Y. M. C. A.,' a Superintendent, a Thermodynamics building, a Dental College, a University 'yell,' a state endowment, a Students' Parliament, and a Board of Governors; that 'professors' interview students in their 'offices'

in the 'main building,' and the Unionist party in the Literary and Scientific Society of University College announces a 'caucus' in Lecture Room 37 to discuss the party 'platform' on the eve of the 'elections.' To the initiated some of these traits suggest American or Scottish precedents, there are others (chiefly confined to the staff) which recall the inspiration of Germany. Some are autochthonous, there are others which can definitely be traced to Oxford or Cambridge. But behind them all lies the great fact that Toronto is at once imitative and eclectic, she is as conscious as Oxford herself of her own individuality, but unlike Oxford she is in the formative, not (if one may coin a word to describe the uneasy quiescence of Oxford) the 'reformative' stage. Both are concerned with the root problem of British universities—how to create or maintain a *society* in which both learners and teachers cooperate at once to advance and promote learning and to develop and form character. But while Oxford is preoccupied with the maintenance of the great tradition of corporate life which alone makes this ideal possible, Toronto is busy not with maintenance so much as creation. And creation it must be; for if there is one thing which can not be enforced, transplanted, given, or received, it is a tradition."

THE DROWNING OF PHILÆ

ONE OF THE REPROACHES that Pierre Loti has been heaping upon a philistine age is that it has acquiesced in the submersion and destruction of the ruins of Philæ.

Of course he has not blamed us for it, for we have had no hand in building the Assuan dam that is to store up the waters of the Nile. Next January the completed dam "will be, for the first time, put to its beneficent use," and one of the ancient art galleries of the world will sink beneath the waves. It makes all who, like Pierre Loti, balance the values of remains of the ancient world against the beneficence of modern arrangements, sigh with melancholy regrets. Something of mere sentimentality must enter into these lamentations when it is recalled that there has been ten years in which to act toward rescuing these remains by removal. Objections have been raised; but meantime the annual assault of rising waters has been going on. "Connoisseurs of scenery have said that there was no *coup d'œil* in the world to be compared with that presented by Philæ, with its ruins amid the palm-trees set high above the Nile." But already "the temples are discolored, the paintings are decaying, and the palm-trees are dead." There is one grain of comfort offered by the *London Times*. We need not fear "that the temples, tho entirely submerged for a great part of the year, will disappear forever; they will still be visible at the end of the summer when the reservoir is exhausted, altho but few of the ordinary visitors to Philæ will profit by this fact." Speaking as a connoisseur in architecture, *The Times* goes on to mitigate the pain of the loss:

"The temples themselves may easily be overvalued as antiquities; they are not the best examples even of an inferior period. Their construction was not perfect, and in some cases they are unfinished. Indeed, so poor is their structural quality that it is more than doubtful whether the removal and reerection elsewhere, which were at one time proposed, would have been pos-

sible, owing to the imperfection of much of the material employed. From this point of view the submersion has, in a way, been beneficial, as the Egyptian Government took elaborate precautions for strengthening the walls and underpinning the foundations of the temples to enable them to withstand the action of the water. This entailed a considerable outlay; and the expense, in any case desirable, would never have been authorized but for the peculiar circumstances of the case. Thus Philæ, while it has perished in one sense, has found an architectural permanence which had previously been un hoped for. Its beauties were almost entirely extrinsic, and they vanished with the first storage of the water, when the palm-trees were drowned and the brilliant tints of the sun-kissed stonework were washed into a dull gray or hidden by the growth of water-weeds."

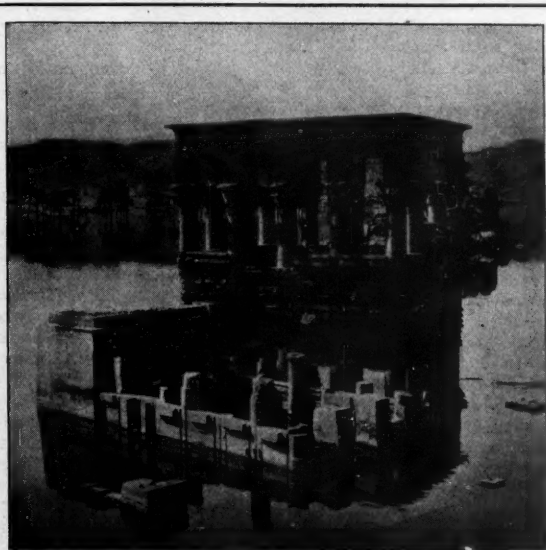
It even braves the wrath of the shade of Matthew Arnold and glorifies the philistine triumph in the great engineering achievement:

"Thus we may regard the completion of the dam without any overpowering feelings of regret for the Philæ which has already faded. The time for regret was ten years ago, when there was a real loss and it was fresh upon us. The present may rather be regarded as a merciful submersion of the melancholy and discolored mementos of what had once been beautiful. Philæ, as the artists knew her, died when the dam was built; all this time she has lain in state amid a perpetual lamentation. In January the last funeral rite will be accomplished, and further mourning will be vain. The flooding of Philæ had as its alternative the risk of the starvation of Egypt, and the building of the dam is not the act of vandalism which in some quarters it has been asserted to be. Let us now remember the common weal of Egypt and steel our hearts into a happy philistinism. The

time has come to rejoice with the engineers, the agriculturists, and the Government of Egypt over a great work well done, an increased prosperity on the verge of realization, a financial success splendidly achieved. For such a work, in former days, we might have counted upon the approval of the tutelary deities of Khem, and have been sure that Isis herself, the beneficent Lady of the Marshes, would not have grudged one of her innumerable shrines had it then been sacrificed for the enhancement of the prosperity of her people in the Upper and the Lower Land."

An Assuan correspondent of *The Times* draws this picture of the imminent decay:

"When the water is raised to its full height corrosion will commence in the painted capitals and roof-blocks of the famous Hall of Columns. Observation of the traces of paint on the lower registers of the



THE FLOODED KIOSK.

When art conflicts with bread, the modern doctrine is, "Cut out art."

temple wall shows that, upon the soaking of the stone, the thin layer of plaster which holds the paint rapidly becomes detached and falls. So this must be the fate of these lovely capitals. It has been stated that the water will come only up to the vertical flutings below the capitals of the columns, but, even if this be so, the effect will be the same, for the water will be drawn up into the stone to some distance above the actual surface-level and the peeling of the plaster and paint will follow.

"There is yet another danger to be considered. The stone of which the roof is made is of the same porous nature, and in itself is not an ideal material for such a purpose, being too fragile to carry much more than its own weight. If, then, these long blocks, extending from column to column, become saturated with water, it appears inevitable that they must break with the additional weight and involve the whole roof. In other parts of the temples, where such a danger has declared itself, steel beams have been placed longitudinally below the stones and afford sufficient support."



THE CHRISTIAN-PAGAN NATIONS

THE PARADOX of the twentieth century is that everywhere Christian relationships prevail between individuals, but pagan relationships between the nations to which these individuals belong. This is the observation of Dr. Frederick Lynch of *The Congregationalist* (Boston) from the vantage point of a summer holiday at Lucerne, Switzerland. In this summer meeting-place of Europe he has seen English and Germans grouped together, "their talk full of the utmost goodwill," their relations "Christian through and through." "The German would never think of stealing the Englishman's purse, and the Englishman would never suspect the German of murderous designs upon him." If they differed in a dispute, they would not fly at each other's throat; they would refer the judgment to the nearest friend, or if it were a serious quarrel, to an impartial jury. "As a matter of fact, nationality is not uppermost in their talk." "But the moment the German Government and the English Government exchange words, the whole atmosphere changes from Christian to pagan." In fact,

"It is as if Christianity had never existed, or else had no part in the relationships of nations. The talk is all of preparation for murderous assault of one nation upon the other. Each declares the other harbors designs of invasion, and each seems to believe that the other would seize the land at once did it dare. Instead of good-will there is recrimination. No bandit in pre-Christian Europe ever armed himself against a fellow man as each one of these nations is arming itself against the other. Should the slightest dispute arise, these nations are ready to fly at each other's throats, and it is only because the few who believe Christian ethics should prevail between nations are influential enough to be heard in these days that these two great nations were kept from flying at each other's throats last year. It seems too horrible to be believed, but it is true; and so pagan still are all the codes of national ethics in spite of Hague conferences and peace congresses, that it would take little to plunge these two nations into war.

"There are a good many Italians in Lucerne and a good many Italian papers are sold here. I have been interested in getting the Italian point of view on the war with Turkey. The simplicity of that view is the most striking thing about it, except its barefaced paganism. It is simply this: Italy needed Tripoli and wanted it, and, having become strong enough to take it from sick Turkey, proceeded to take it. The beauty of it all is that no one sees anything wrong in doing it.

"It would be wrong and un-Christian for an Italian to steal a Turk's purse or to kill a Turk on the street. But there is nothing wrong in Italy's stealing Turkey's purse or destroying Turks in so doing. (The only man I have met whose conscience troubled him a little justified Italy's act on the ground that she was simply taking back what once was hers, for ancient Rome once owned North Africa.)

"Even the Church has fallen in with the Government and is blessing the armies—to little avail. The most encouraging thing has been the unprecedented condemnation of Italy's act by the European press. A German said to me that twenty-five years ago no daily paper in Europe would have seen anything wrong in a nation robbing or destroying another nation."

Dr. Lynch finds a "rather striking instance of how this pagan ethics for nations persists right in the midst of our Christian ethics" in the daily avocations of his Lucerne neighbors, which he reports with these comments:

"Opposite our terrace, across the lake, is the station of the airships. Every afternoon at five there come out a great yellow dirigible balloon, fish-shaped, with sweeping propellers, and a monoplane whose resemblance to a great bird is startlingly striking. They circle around the city several times, the big *Zeppelein* ship slowly, the monoplane with the swiftness of an eagle. Now the people who sip tea on our terrace are the most estimable people. They go to church and they are full of brotherly kindness to each other. But all the talk as these new adventurers

of the heavens fly above us is of their use in killing somebody. It is of the possibility of dropping bombs on cities, of building up vast aerial navies.

"Already France has gone crazy over a navy in the air, and even the children of the nation have contributed their pennies and a new outburst of so-called patriotism. Of course Germany and England are endeavoring to outstrip her, and so a new, mad race of armament has begun. Lucerne is full of military officers studying their airships.

"During the week in which I am writing this letter—September 1 to 8—one hears nothing in Europe but of ability to kill somebody. For the German Kaiser is inspecting his vast Army. On Monday there was a parade of the Guards Corps and the Third Army Corps on Tempelhof Field, Berlin, which was the largest military spectacle ever held in Berlin in times of peace.

"The Kaiser left this spectacle full of pride and is reviewing other military maneuvers these remaining days. He made a speech at one of the reviews and intimated plainly that as the Germans had risen in former times to their country's call, so they would rise to-day. (In his heart of hearts the Kaiser is not so sure of this as he would like to be, for the Socialists are growing in power and among Socialists internationalism is rapidly superseding patriotism of the old sort.) But last Sunday the chief army chaplain made the Kaiser's remarks seem quite tame. An immense open-air military service, attended by the Kaiser, was the occasion of a sermon by the chaplain, in which he eloquently extolled the warlike virtues and exprest the eminently Christian sentiment that the enemies of the fatherland would find themselves 'biting on granite' if they ventured to cross swords with his Army."

Our own nation, unfortunately, is deeper involved in this paganism, at least as Europe views us, than any of the others. "The greatest setback to the extension of the Christian ethic into international relationships," declares this writer, is furnished by the United States.

"Every newspaper I have examined—from England, Germany, France, Austria, and Italy—without exception declares that the action of Congress and the President in reference to the exemption of our ships from tolls is the greatest blow to treaty-making and international arbitration that has been known for years. If our nation can so lightly break a treaty, who can trust her with any new ones? 'And is this the country which was recently talking arbitration treaties of unlimited character?' they are all saying.

"If the United States should refuse to arbitrate the question when Great Britain demands it, it will be impossible for her ever to say anything about arbitration again. The leading German papers are as bitter as those of England in their condemnation of what they call a 'ruthless' act and cynical disregard of a solemn international agreement. The *Temps* of Paris lectures the United States on the risks of such dishonesty, and other French papers use the same words, while *L'Information*, a semi-official organ, calls the President's excuses 'a pitiable expedient.'

"The *Fremdenblatt* of Austria, an official newspaper, discusses the question from the point of view of arbitration, and fairly represents the universal feeling in Europe. It assumes the possibility that the United States Government, having broken one treaty, may also refuse to recognize the convention between the United Kingdom and the United States which submits to the Hague Tribunal the interpretation of any treaty in dispute. The *Fremdenblatt* insists that the refusal of President Taft to allow this question to go to arbitration would inflict a disastrous blow to every scheme which has for its object the settlement of international disputes by other methods than war.

"It is greatly to be desired that the United States should let this go to The Hague, if Congress does not rescind its action, even though we may be technically right now that we own the Canal Zone, for all the free passage for American ships for a hundred years would not compensate for the setback of the cause of international arbitration. Indeed, the feeling is so strong here that I have heard it said that neither England nor Germany would join in a third Hague conference if the United States were to take part in it, on the ground that no confidence can be placed in her word."

SPIRITUAL BONDS OF EAST AND WEST

ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY with the organization in London of the Association Concordia last June there came into existence in Tokyo a similar association whose Japanese name is the Ki-ichi Kyo-kai, or literally "Reducing-into-Oneness Society." It was a happy coincidence, the initiators of each organization having had no knowledge of the undertaking of the other. Both have for their aim the promotion of mutual intellectual and spiritual understanding between the Orient and the Occident, thus laying secure foundations for international peace and goodwill. So great was the similarity between the manifesto of the Ki-ichi Kyo-kai and that of the Association Concordia that the Tokyo organization has adopted for its English title the very name of the London society. The initiator of the Ki-ichi Kyo-kai is President J. Naruse, of the Japan Women's University of Tokyo, one of the foremost educators of Japan. Indeed, he is the pioneer in the field of higher education for Japanese girls. Educated in America, Mr. Naruse derived inspiration, it is said, from our Eastern colleges for girls such as Vassar and Wellesley. In a recent issue of the *Katei Shuho*, the weekly organ of the Japan Women's University, Mr. Naruse tells us how he came to organize the Ki-ichi Kyo-kai. He writes:

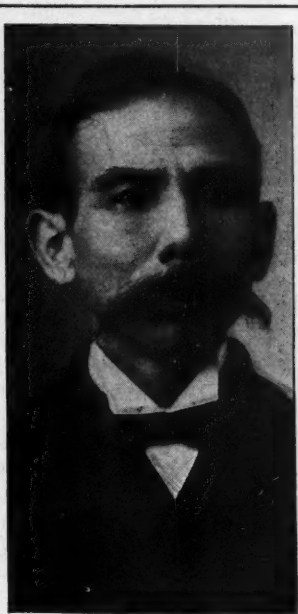
"No one will deny that Japan has in the past few decades made wonderful progress, yet every one must concede that this progress has been chiefly in the field of material civilization. On the other hand, the intellect, the ideals, the spiritual aspirations of the nation have received but little impetus. Inevitable as it is in a period of transition, the course which Japan has pursued in her efforts to modernize herself is none the less unfortunate. Happily for the wholesome growth of the Empire, such a period of transition is well-nigh at an end and a period of spiritual awakening has already dawned. The recent religious conference held at the initiative of the Home Minister was undoubtedly an indication of this new tendency. Unfortunately that conference is not likely to bear any fruit—we never expected it would. Spiritual and intellectual advancement can not be achieved by governmental measures, but must be attained by the spontaneous efforts of the people.

"It is with this need in view that I have undertaken the organization of the Ki-ichi Kyo-kai. The aim of the association is not national, but international. There are many spiritual problems whose satisfactory solution requires cooperation among all civilized nations. That this need is also keenly felt in the Occident is indicated in the organization in London of the Association Concordia. The time has come when the West and the East should clasp each other's hand in the field of the intellect and the spirit."

President Naruse is now in America aiming to ascertain whether our leading men in the world of thought as well as our publicists and financial leaders will be willing to cooperate with him in the realization of the ideas of the Ki-ichi Kyo-kai. It is said that President Jordan of Stanford University, President Judson of the University of Chicago, President Van Hise of the University of Wisconsin, and many other scholars and educators have already pledged hearty cooperation. It is the plan of the Executive Committee of the Ki-ichi Kyo-kai, which Mr. Naruse represents, to organize headquarters and launch a magazine in New York or Boston, if the sympathy of representative Americans seems to justify such a step. Why the association should

be made international is explained in the English prospectus of the Ki-ichi Kyo-kai in these words:

"Altho in its more superficial aspects the intercourse between the East and the West is growing increasingly intimate and their scientific interests are becoming wider, there is still a failure on each side to appreciate the deeper things of the spirit which underlie the life of the other. The removal of causes of irritation as regards political and commercial affairs is an imperative duty. But the promotion of a better understanding between the East and the West regarding each other's faith and ideals, and the creation of a reciprocal sympathy in relation to the deeper problems of the spirit, are matters of no less urgency. . . . No nation and no religion can maintain its life apart from the ever onward movement of the world's thought. The civilization of the world will hereafter flow in one strong current. Each nation and each religion must, it is true, give expression to its own characteristic virtues and thus contribute something to the universal civilization. Yet in its ultimate purposes it must bring itself into harmony with the grand symphony of the world's ideal. . . . Every nation faces, in spite of its particular history and character, many of the same problems and many of the same difficulties. The conflict between individualism and imperialism; the lack of harmony between traditional faith and ideas, on the one hand, and the various social and economic questions, on the other; the apparent hostility between the positivistic tendency, due to the rise of modern science, and the idealistic principle of religious faith; the opposition between practical morality and education and metaphysical thought—these and many another problem are awaiting our solution. Is it not the duty of both the East and the West to exert themselves to their utmost, each in its characteristic way, but in a spirit of helpful cooperation, for the mastery of these great problems? No satisfactory solution can be reached without world-wide cooperation."—Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.



PRESIDENT J. NARUSE,

Founder of the first woman's college in Japan, now organizing a society to bind the spiritual forces of the Orient and Occident.

A NEW CHILDREN'S PRAYER—Some mothers "feel that there is something gruesome in teaching small children the time-honored prayer, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,'" says *The Continent* (Chicago), and it proposes a substitute for those who wish it. Objection to the old one lies in the suggestion of death in the third line, tho it may be found that the force of habit and tradition can only slowly give way to the new reluctance to entertain the idea of death. We read:

"Of course what has been so dear to so many generations of little folks and grown folks is not to be driven out of the field by this one objection from sensitive parents, but on the other hand traditional acceptance won't overcome the objections of any mother who, as one mother recently testified, remembers having lain awake whole nights in childhood terrified by the fear of death which the little prayer had instilled. Any mother with that experience in her own life will certainly refuse to submit a child of her own to the peril of such a horror. Fortunately there are many beautiful substitutes that can be taught a child with equal ease and which will be in his later memory just as dear as 'Now I lay me' can be to any one. One of the simplest and sweetest of such substitutes is from the kindly pen of William Canton of England:

"Father, whom I can not see,
Look down from heaven on little me;
Let angels through the darkness spread
Their holy wings above my bed;
And keep me safe, because I am
The heavenly Shepherd's little lamb;
Teach me to do as I am told
And help me be as good as gold."

JUDGING NOGI'S SUICIDE

ADMIRATION or approval of the act of General Nogi and his wife in taking their own lives on the eve of their Emperor's funeral is naturally commoner in the secular press than in the religious. Many of the religious editors regret that they have to condemn the final deed of so admirable a man. So important a journal as *The Christian Work and Evangelist* (New York), in reviewing Nogi's life and death, abstains wholly from judgment of the act. The shock of his suicide is all the greater, as *The Christian Century* (Chicago) points out, because we have the "habit of thinking of Japan as a modern and civilized nation." The death of the famous General is of especial importance to the Western world because "it serves to remind us again that the task of evangelization and civilization is not yet accomplished in Japan." It adds:

"Some newspapers have lauded the act of General Nogi as being commendable in the light of his faith and traditions. We must not be allowed to forget, however, that this cheap view of human life that would permit a man to sacrifice his life for the glory of the Emperor is not in a civilized nation. Many more decades of Christian teaching must yet be given to Japan before she will hold life sacred, as it is held everywhere in Christendom."

The Lutheran (Philadelphia) is another journal that finds a popular fallacy in the habit of saying "all civilized nations are Christian except Japan," adding:

"The truth is, Japan's civilization is a recent growth, is borrowed from the Christian nations of the West. It has not yet sunk deep into the Japanese heart, nor taken hold on the deeper things of his life. He is still a pagan and an Oriental. Nothing could bring out more vividly the difference between Christianity and Shintoism, the immeasurable superiority of the former, than the death of Nogi. But there is reason to believe that Japan will rise above her religion by casting it off for a better one, as many a people have done. The Japanese are a sagacious people. They will not forever be content with the husk of Western civilization. They will want the kernel."

The Catholic review *America* (New York) has "nothing to say regarding the personal guilt or innocence of the unhappy General," but shows its amazement at the tone of approval observed here and there:

"With regard to the act, considered in itself, every Christian must hold it in horror and detestation. We know how wicked is the crime of self-murder. So wicked is it and so irremediable that the devil, a murderer from the beginning, never ceases urging men to it. In false religions he gives it a place. In the early heresies it was not unknown. To-day it is wide-spread and still growing."

"Some excuse can be offered for the possible ignorance of the pagan soldier; but what can be accepted for men and women who, in spite of the light of Christianity, praise unstintedly his rash act? Their shameful approbation of the shameful deed shows that the light of the gospel is an essential part of our civilization, and that those who ignore God's revealed religion fall down to the level of pagan degradation."

Words less stern appear in some other religious organs, *The Guardian* (London) speaking thus for the Established Church:

"Who does not wish to judge as leniently as possible the great Japanese soldier and his wife in respect of that supreme tribute of devotion to their departed sovereign which has so profoundly affected the civilized world? Christianity plainly declares self-murder to be mortal sin, tho Christian charity can whisper hope even to those who mourn the death of a suicide, since one never knows what was the last thought in a man's mind after he had taken the irrevocable step. Count Nogi can not be judged by Christian standards, nor even by the moral code of Europe, which on this point reflects the code of the Church. How far his action consorts with the temper of new Japan seems at least doubtful, for we learn with satisfaction that his example is not likely to be followed."

The Universalist Leader (Boston) takes a philosophical view

of the deed, seeing in it at least partial confirmation of the impression that "the New Japan is, after all, but a thin crust over the old," adding:

"The Christian civilization, which is producing such quick fruits, is like the seeds of old which fell on shallow ground and quickly sprang up, but having no depth did not endure. The changing of a nation is a matter of generations, perhaps of nations as well as of men. General Nogi was a connecting link between the past and the present. He saw with his eyes the better and larger life of the new, but the feelings of his heart had not yet been touched. . . . Sad, even unreasonable, as all this seems to us, there is in it a touch of something greater than most men know. A heroism not to be judged by a heroism commission, a fragment of the great universal religion which faces the future with confident step, a testimony to the good soil of Japanese life, in which the good seed of the Religion of Love falling, it shall bring forth many fold."

GREEK SHOEBLACK SLAVERY

FORM of white slavery, or what is seemingly as bad as the peonage system of the South, exists among the Greek shoeblacks of this country, particularly of New York, and is attracting attention in the religious press. Among the owners of the shoe-shining "parlors" a well-organized *padrone* system is in full operation, it is asserted, and under it "the life of a bootblack boy is pitiable in the extreme." *The Presbyterian Examiner* (New York), which exposes the system; prints facts that may be "substantiated from the published reports of the Bureau of Industries and Immigration." Here is the history and daily life of some 1,500 boys "employed" in the 250 or more of the shoe-shining establishments of New York:

"Most of these boys are here without their parents—coming to so-called relatives, chiefly 'cousins' and 'uncles,' who are the *padroni* who pay their passage over. A contract is entered into by the boy and his parents, binding him to work for the *padrone* for a specified period after landing in America in return for the passage money advanced by the *padrone*. But that agreement, drawn up in ignorance on the other side of the Atlantic, frequently binds the boy to toil for a whole year to repay an advance of fifty or sixty dollars. Parents and papers are furnished to help him through Ellis Island, and he arrives well coached as to the answers necessary to get him past the inspectors who are trying to enforce the laws against contract laborers and youths under sixteen unaccompanied by their parents. Once landed at the Battery, ignorance guarantees that the boys will faithfully serve their master, and there begins a daily round of black and bitter servitude."

"Rising shortly after five, breakfasting on dry bread and black coffee, these bootblack boys open their places of work by half-past six. At noon they one by one disappear behind a partition or down-stairs for a moment to hurriedly snatch a lunch of bread and cheese, or olives. In the evening at nine-thirty or ten, later on Saturdays and Sundays, they close the doors and finish the day's work by polishing the fixtures and mopping up the floors and marble stands. After that they are free to go, to their wretched lodgings and prepare a stew for their sumptuous chief meal. Too tired often to pull off more than coat and shoes, they pack themselves like sardines into their crowded beds for a few hours of stifling oblivion before the next weary day. Seven days in the week they work, watched by the crafty *padrone* or his relative, isolated from learning the English language as far as possible, kept in such complete ignorance that it is not uncommon to find Greek bootblacks who have lived here for upward of three years and yet know nothing of the city beyond their shop, their quarters, and the streets they must traverse in getting from one to the other. For this they receive from \$80 up to a maximum of \$250 per year, the average wages running from \$120 to \$180, together with such food and lodging as have been described and the additional privilege of buying old clothes from the *padrone* at three times their value. A Greek bootblack in New York receives from fifty cents a day upward in tips alone. In nine cases out of ten as soon as the tipping patron leaves the place the money goes into the register or a special receptacle provided by the *padrone*, and thence into his pocket. Such is the average life of a bootblack in the great city of New York."



REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS AS A HUMAN BEING—A NEW BIOGRAPHY*

Reviewed for THE LITERARY DIGEST by
JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

IT HAS always been a favorite pastime of ours in the few leisure moments which modern life permits to speculate as to what sort of men we should find our public statues to be if they should come to life, and join once more in the activities of human affairs. We have been somewhat doubtful if the "Bobbie" Burns of the Central Park, in New York City, for instance, if he were released from the brazen lineaments within which he is there confined, would prove aught but a rather awkward companion even in a convivial moment; and certainly if the sculptor's conception of him is even moderately correct it is undeniable that he would be found to belong to a "stiff-necked" generation. Surely the graceful figure of Shakespeare that we find in the same statue group suggests little of the man as he has been revealed to us as the gay roisterer and poacher of Warwickshire.

It has, indeed, been the chief failing of sculptors, painters, engravers, and biographers that they have reduced the great figures of history and of letters to the level of statues, engravings, and lay-figures, upon whose shoulders little of the mantle of humanity has seemed to have been left. Therefore when we find a sculptor like the lamented St. Gaudens, for instance, whose chisel has had a humanizing influence upon the bronzes of his time, or some biographer whose story of a great man's life and achievement reveals a great Human, he is entitled to an expression of our grateful appreciation for having rescued his hero from the limbo of stiff and unliving things.

Mr. Filson Young, author of the latest life of Christopher Columbus, now published in a third revised edition, has performed this service notably well, not only for Columbus, but for us also, and to such an extent that one is puzzled whether to rank him as a great biographer or a great romancer. Perhaps it is not improper to consider him as a good deal of both, for he appears in this work to have combined indubitable fact and reasonable speculation with an ingenuity which is altogether charming and wholly convincing. In any event the combination, judged by its results, is an appealing one, and it may truly be said of the book that it is as readable as any summer novel that has recently come to our notice, vastly more worth while, and so insidiously informing that almost without realizing the process one begins to feel himself a real authority on the subject of the great Genoese and his voyages.

We say "great" Genoese merely as a measure of Columbus's fame, for it is the delightful fact that after reading Mr. Young's chapters Columbus dwindles at once from the proportions of a demigod into the class where it now appears he really belongs, among the humans, who toiled, suffered, and achieved manwise, and not after the fashion of some impossible Olympian come down to earth to perform some task of epochal importance. And it is better so. It is no inspiration to

aspiring youth to believe that the great things of life have been the achievements of men and women endowed with superhuman qualities and godlike attributes. Rather is it a discouragement so to believe. But if on the other hand they can be made to understand that the notable personages of the past have suffered from exactly the same limitations by which they are impeded in their onward march, in some cases even more difficult to overcome, the spirit of emulation leading them to do a little overcoming on their own account becomes an added force in the attainment of the ends sought.

Mr. Young, without documentary data to work upon, does not shirk the duty of presenting something of the story of Columbus's boyhood, using a rather well-developed poetic sense to lend verisimilitude to his picture. In his capacity of scene-painter he sets his stage in that narrow little Genoese street wherein Columbus was born and presumably played as a child; and this done, with such success that the reader is himself carried back to it so vividly that he can almost feel himself one of the passing throng, he conjures up the small boy as "a little figure running toward you in a blue smock, the head fair-haired, the face blue-eyed and a little freckled; free and happy; belonging only to those who love him."

The appeal becomes irresistible, and the reader instinctively tucks the little lad, freckles and all, under his wing, and stands ready to follow him upon the adventurous enterprises that lie beyond. We acquire at the very outset of the story something better than a mere admiration for one who is to become a hero, an affection and a sympathy which remain with us to the end, enabling us to view his shortcomings with indulgence, and to become his partisans in moments when he stood more in need of kindly sympathy than of cold judgment.

And we do follow his fortunes with just the same eager interest with which we follow those of the hero of a popular novel presented to us serially by our monthly magazines—or perhaps we should say of the heroine thereof, since in these latter days in fiction at least the proper study of mankind seems to have become almost exclusively not man but woman. We idle with him along the wharfs and quays of Genoa, and with ears almost as attent as his own strain to hear the strange tales of the mysterious seas told by those who have gone down into them, and we begin to understand, perhaps as we have never understood before, whence came that fixt idea in the mind of Columbus, the youth, that lured him into hitherto uncharted waters; how, as Mr. Young phrases it, "he came to believe that he had a special mission to carry the torch of the faith across the sea of darkness, and he himself the bearer of a truth that was to go through all the earth, and of words that were to travel to the world's end."

We glimpse something, too, of the ex-

plorer as a man of sentiment, and his very human love affairs, and their influence upon his life and character, are delicately laid before us; not as gossipy little tidbits to be rolled under the tongue, but rather as tho they were happening under our very eyes, which, if not always approving, have in them the glow of an understanding good will. We share his friendships. We look with complaisance upon his little vanities, such as led him, for instance, into the venial error of trying to prove himself of nobler lineage than the facts warranted, a weakness so common to our poor humanity everywhere, in all ages, as to have become almost second nature to us.

By slow degrees we become aware of the marvelous tenacity of the man who, with nothing to commend himself to a skeptical age, with comparatively little learning, and no resources of fortune, either in material possessions or influential backing, yet dared to face the most distinguished savants of the day, and succeeded in working his way to the very foot of the throne itself, whereon, fortunately for him, sat a gracious woman with vision enough to see the really great purpose of the humble petitioner, heart enough for a complete faith, and courage enough to insist upon identifying herself with a cause which found no commendation in the cold logic of the wise, or the fears of the superstitious.

It is a very skillful revelation of the strength of Columbus's own faith in his great idea that Mr. Young gives us in the vivid picture he draws of the would-be discoverer standing "puzzled, dissatisfied, tongue-tied," before the powerful wiseacres of the court, unable to answer their arguments in any kind of a tongue which they can understand; refuted at every step by arguments which he can not grasp; with a wall between them, or, as Mr. Young says, "more than a wall; there is a world between them!" His antagonists are "three men stuffed to the eyes and ears with learning; stuffed so full indeed that eyes and ears are closed with it. Three men, it would appear, destitute of mother-wit." But in spite of all rebuffs the obsession remains firmly fixt in Columbus's mind. The penniless mariner believes, and believes, and believes yet again, iterating and reiterating, not to say rereiterating his convictions, at the risk of being considered a monomaniac, or at least a perennial nuisance, adhering to his point with incredible persistence. And finally, in his triumph, the heart of Isabella having found the way to a happy issue out of his perplexities for him, we share his elation, and feel ourselves so much a part of the story that we as truly rejoice in the "appropriation" that made the voyage hither possible as tho we had helped him on to it ourselves.

It is in this very real fashion that Mr. Young's story of Columbus and his various voyages runs picturesquely on, the stage peopled with heroes of many kinds, not

* Young, Filson. *Christopher Columbus and the New World*. 8vo. Illustrated. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

all of them all that they should be, part and parcel of plots intricate enough for any well-constructed melodrama; the historic atmosphere intensified rather than weakened by the romantic interest which the author's delightful style inspires. It might almost be called a personally conducted tour, with ourselves as invisible passengers, sharing the thoughts, the fears, the anxieties and disappointments of the famous Admiral. His enemies become our enemies. Peaceably inclined as the reader may be, he would willingly join a Society of Vigilantes formed for the purpose of giving these maleficent and unscrupulous foes of the commander that measure of immediate justice that a later age has termed lynch-law; even tho the commander himself betrays at times a lamentable incapacity to meet an emergent moment, and a vacillation which is distinctly irritating.

And then when the tale is finished and the great sailor who has so resolutely and fearlessly stood between the devils of greed and insubordination, and the spiritual as well as the physical seas of discouragement, humiliation, and misunderstanding, finally embarks upon his last voyage into realms that the living may not explore, we lay down the story with a sense of sorrow and of joy—sorrow at the passing of a great human with whom we have lived and suffered, and whom in spite of his weaknesses we have come to love, if not wholly to approve or admire; and joy that as the centuries have passed and the results of his labors have been scrutinized with the care which a surgeon lavishes upon a case evoking all his powers of analysis, his stature grows until it reaches the proportions of that of a conqueror because the spirit that animated the figure held loyally to the last to the vision that had been vouchsafed to it in the fulness of an abiding faith.

If it be true, as some psychists maintain, that the spirits of the past visit us in our dreams, Mr. Filson Young need not be surprized if at any time in the wee sma' hours of the night the wraith of Columbus rises up beside his couch, and stretches forth a grateful hand in appreciation of a sympathetic, yet seemingly perfectly just estimate both of his career and of himself as a man; to which we ourselves, if we happened to be present upon that auspicious occasion, would add our hearty felicitations upon a really notable contribution to the stores of biography.

NOTABLE NOVELS OF THE SEASON

Austin, Mary. A Woman of Genius. Pp. 510. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1912.

Mrs. Austin's definition of genius—"It is to know great desires and to have no will of your own toward fulfillment; it is to feed others, yourself unfed; it is to be broken and plied as the Powers determine; it is to serve, and to serve, and to get nothing out of it beyond the joy of serving"—gives one an idea of the struggle that must have taken place in the author's heroine who was born and brought up in "Taylorville, Ohioanna," and tried to live up (or down) to its social ideals, at the same time driven by the unseen spur of a latent genius for the stage.

The story is in the form of an autobiographical narrative by a distinguished actress, and its analytical quality, frank discussion of realities, and detailed state-

ment of the problem of life as it appeared to an ambitious woman reveal the author's attitude in the modern feminist movement.

The description of Olivia's childhood in the narrow confines of a critical and strait-laced village is illuminating, and forecasts that warring of elements in her nature that made it possible for her to refuse to marry the man whose love had been a lifelong inspiration, and for whom she had defied the world and its conventionalities.

It is the old, old struggle between individual ambition and the racial instincts of the eternal feminine, and the book becomes almost a tragedy in its solution of the difficulty.

The life of an actress does not seem as fascinating as it does thrilling in the light of the frank admissions made by the author.

Smith, F. Hopkinson. The Arm-Chair at the Inn. Pp. 357. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1912. \$1.30.

Memories of "The Wood-Fire in Number Three" float tantalizingly in our minds as we read this new book of Hopkinson Smith, and we yield to the charm of this as we did to that of its predecessor.

The Normandy Inn, here described, has the fascination of the picturesque, with its wonderful ménage of Lemois, Lea, and pretty little Mignon, and its wonderful collection of antique treasures. One can easily appreciate the reason of its choice by this brotherly band of artists for their yearly outings, and we follow with breathless interest the serious and frivolous discussions that take place before the open fire, and the stories that reveal so plainly the personality of the speaker.

The brilliant but absolutely natural conversations, the witty repartee and masculine innuendos are just what one would expect from such a party, and about all is such an air of reality and truth that we feel its compelling power, its interest and inspiration.

Through it all is woven a thread of romance that touches the heart and gives opportunities to an inimitable writer for some of his dramatic stories which we always love. The one character sketch is the description of "Madame," the unique woman who plays such an important part in the development of Mignon's and Gaston's love story.

Mr. Smith knows how to tell a charming story, and this one is a composite of many, each of intrinsic value and appealing quality. While it is a complete and well-balanced story, each chapter could be read with pleasure and profit even if read alone.

Orcutt, William Dana. The Moth. Pp. 335. New York [and London: Harper & Brothers. 1912. \$1.30 net.

We all know what happens to the traditional moth in her dangerous fluttering about the flames, but it remains to be seen how this particular moth earned her name, and to what extent she was burned in her effort to defy the usual moth limitations.

This particular moth was a beautiful and wealthy young married woman, with a worthless husband and two pretty children, whom she had never learned to appreciate; and, in her effort to live a life of her own, she almost flew into the flames and drew her best friends in with her.

It is a racy, lively story, and there are times when we sympathize with the heroine, others when we think she gets better

than she deserves, but one thing is sure—the story proves that we can not do wrong or appear to do wrong without disastrous consequences to others as well as to ourselves; also, that circumstantial evidence is very powerful, and able to involve even the innocent in great trouble.

Lucy Spencer had to have her life-lessons rubbed in good and hard before she yielded to the inevitable, and we think she was very fortunate in her choice of masculine "victims," or the outcome would not have been so satisfactory and the book so interesting and exciting.

McLaren, Amy. With the Merry Austrians. Pp. 356. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1912. \$1.25 net.

This is a romance with the atmospheric background of the Austrian Tyrol, and introduces English, Germans, and Jews in characteristic poses and situations.

Rose Trevor was a pretty little widow and "Benjie" a most fascinating infant, so we do not wonder at the ardor of her different lovers, and find the development of intrigue and character most interesting.

The emotions are touched lightly but surely, and fun and pathos both appeal to our sympathy and interest.

The ultimate outcome was sure from the very first, but the way it was accomplished gave us some thrills, many surprises, and much enjoyment. It is a pretty story, prettily told.

Chester, George Randolph. The Jingo. Illustrated. Pp. 393. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1912. \$1.35 net.

"The Jingo," after appearing serially in one of the well-known magazines, has now reached us in book form, illuminated by the same interesting illustrations which added so much to its original publication.

When Jimmy Smith was washed ashore from a wrecked vessel, he found himself on the island of "Isola," where America and all its wonders were utterly unknown. Finding himself in the hands of the royal family, especially cared for by the exquisitely beautiful Princess Bezzana, he proceeds to teach her everything American, and ends by revolutionizing the island and introducing American industries and ideas with a vigor and snap known only to the typical American.

The tale is fantastic, of course, sometimes wild and incredible, but always funny, and with an underlying thread of common sense woven around the prettiest kind of a love-story.

Dramatic and serious situations alternate with fun and frolic, but the Isolians should certainly be commended for their aptitude and Jimmy for his persistency. One should read it when he wishes to laugh.

Hopkins, William John. Concerning Sally. Pp. 390. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1912. \$1.35 net.

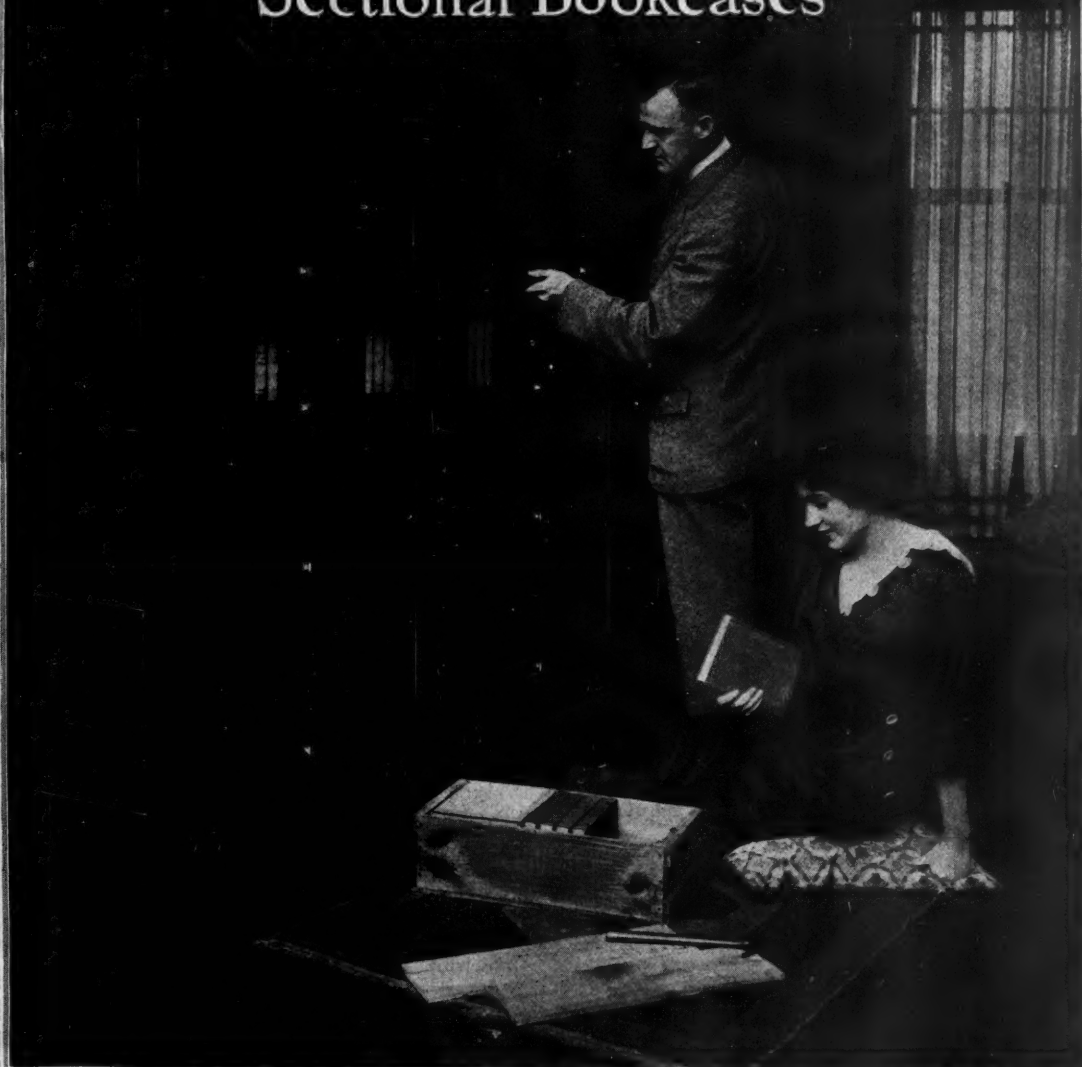
Sally is only ten when we first meet her, the daughter of a gambling, weak-charactered Professor Ladue and a lovable but invalid mother. Poor little Sally, in her precocious estimate of her good-for-nothing father, her care of the mother and brother is always unselfish and thoughtful of others.

The book is true to its name, and is entirely "concerning Sally," first in her own home until father flees and mother's mind gives way; later in the home of Cousin Pattie and Uncle John, and follows her through her school-days, her youthful love affairs, and final happiness.

(Continued on page 678)

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

(Continued from page 676)

Every one loved Sally, most of all Fox Sanderson, who as a student of her father had shielded her from worry always, but she does not recognize his true value until after years of patient struggle and varied experiences.

The characters in the story all seem unreal, altho the situations are common enough, but there seems lacking some vital spark to make the book alive, and the reader will wish many times that Sally was not quite so perfect, even if he is interested in her story.

Luther, Mark Lee. *The Woman of It*. Pp. 344. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. 1912. \$1.30 net.

Stephen Braisted had had all kinds of hard luck and, with his wife, son, and daughter, had known poverty and want until his wife, Olive, invented a "relish," which became the foundation of a big fortune, and gave him the power to take up a political career and landed him finally in Washington as Congressman, with his modest wife and ambitious daughter.

It is not difficult to imagine the rest: the effect of wealth and power on the different members of the family, the suffering and innocent mistakes of the plain but loving wife, and the threatened catastrophe of the Congressman himself when he falls into the hands of the lobbying adventurers of both sexes. The native dignity of the real woman triumphs after many trying episodes, vice is thwarted and virtue and love are rewarded after some exciting and dramatic experiences which involve this unsophisticated family in dangers from which only a loving mother-wit can extricate them.

The story is clever enough to hold the reader's interest, but not original enough in theme or treatment to excite the critic.

Buckrose, J. E. *A Bachelor's Comedy*. Pp. 309. New York: George H. Doran Company; Hodder & Stoughton. 1912. \$1.20 net.

This novel, like its hero, is modest and unassuming, but with a character wholesome and quaint, developed in an atmosphere of restful simplicity and intimate rusticity.

When the Reverend Andrew Deane was appointed to the living at Gaythorpe he was very young and boyish, and the story shows his gradual development into a real man among his new parishioners. Real worth shows in the end, and the lovable "Andy" makes his blunders and wins his battles in adventures that make entertaining reading. It is an eventful record of daily experiences, sometimes laughable, sometimes serious, but the author has made his characters natural and attractive, and the young vicar finally wins his reward and the girl he loves, after proving himself capable of self-sacrifice and suffering.

Rice, Alice Hegan. *A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill*. Pp. 404. New York: The Century Company. 1912. \$1.25 net.

Mrs. Rice has attempted something more complicated and elaborate this time than ever before, but has made her novel engrossing and satisfactory, with a style that savors both of the former fun and philosophy and the higher grade of romantic literature.

Little "Miss Lady," the charming, lovable daughter of an impecunious Kentucky colonel, dominates the pages of the book,

(Continued on page 680)

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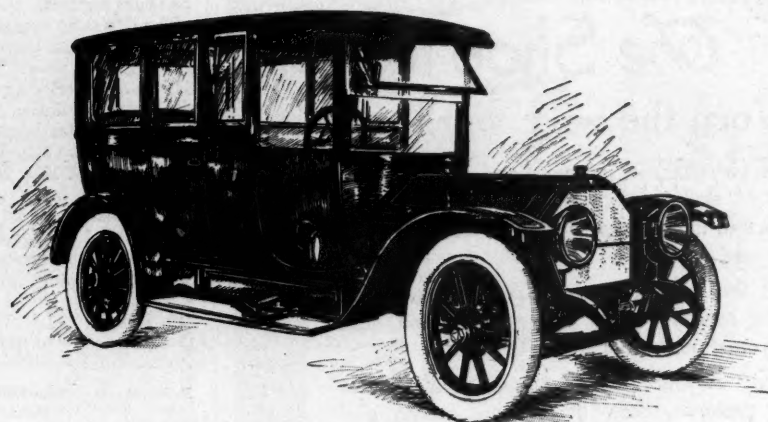
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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

(Continued from page 678)

which faithfully depicts the atmosphere of the country, the down-at-the-heel Southern homestead, and the loyalty and devotion of the negro servants.

The dramatic complications and misunderstandings that leave Don Morley accused of a crime of which he is innocent, while Miss Lady marries a middle-aged professor with several children, lead to some exciting episodes and startling situations.

The quaint and epigrammatic sayings, for which Mrs. Rice is so famous, are furnished by the interesting Flathers family, whose life-lines are mixt almost incredibly with those of the heroine, but the style of narration makes the story plausible and the story ends happily and artistically satisfactorily.

Friends of "Mrs. Wiggs" and "Lovey Mary" are sure to like Myrtella Flathers, with her rough manner and her warm heart.

Reed, Myrtle. The White Shield. Illustrated. Pp. 343. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1912.

The scarcity of good short stories makes the present collection most welcome. These stories, by the author of "Lavender and Old Lace," possess her usual characteristics—tenderness, quaint humor, and high ideals, and are full of imagination and touching pathos.

There is a refinement about the lamented Myrtle Reed's work which has a distinctive charm, and the publishers have given the collection an attractive setting in its binding which is quite in keeping with the high character of its contents.

There is nothing startlingly new in her plots or their development, but her fun has no underlying sting and her dramatic situations are never morbid. The various themes illustrate all sorts of experiences, and the reader thrills in quick sympathy with her depiction of suffering as well as her irresistible sense of humor.

The stories are not of uniform literary merit, but all are fascinating and worth while.

COMPLETION OF "THE NEW SCHAFF-HERZOG"

The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge. 12 volumes, 8vo. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company. \$60.

The appearance of the twelfth volume of "The New Schaff-Herzog" brings to an end an enterprise the prosecution of which in an editorial sense has embraced eight and a half years. In this work a welcome addition is made to the resources of all who are interested in any aspect of religion or any branch of theological study. This encyclopedia claims to embrace the enormous province of "Biblical, historical, doctrinal, and practical theology, and Biblical, theological, and ecclesiastical biography from the earliest times to the present day," and the claim is amply justified by the contents. There is no figure or event of real importance in theology, religion, or the Church on which these volumes have not some useful information to offer.

The articles are usually just of the right length—not too short to be valueless, and not too long to be treatises in disguise; and one very valuable feature is the bibliography appended to each article, which enables the reader to go further afield if he chooses. Every care has been taken to

(Continued on page 682)

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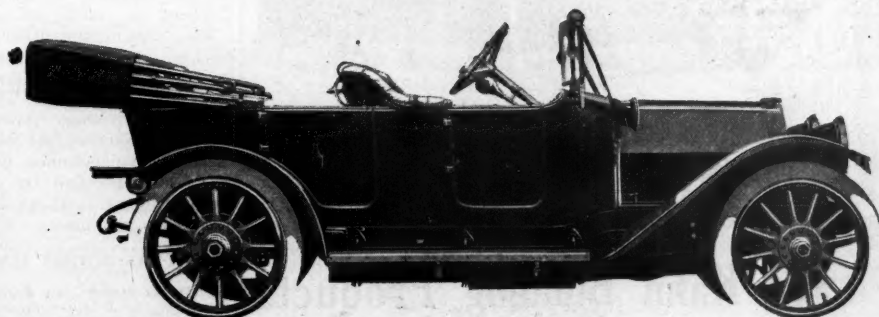
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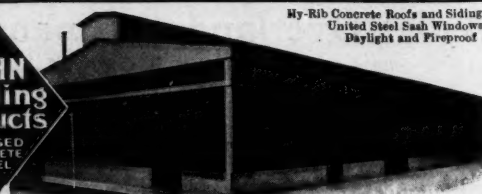
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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

(Continued from page 680)

preserve the discussions from bias. In Biblical articles, for example, the work of an older conservative scholar is occasionally supplemented by a discussion from the liberal wing; and large subjects are subdivided among those best qualified to deal with their various aspects. The Roman Catholic position, for example, on Church Union is presented by J. F. Driscoll, one of the contributors to the "Catholic Encyclopedia," which is nearing completion; and the article on Christian Science, which is followed by a judicial estimate from the pen of a Protestant Episcopalian pastor, and a critical view by a prominent Presbyterian, is itself written by a Christian Science practitioner of Boston. Everywhere the historical treatment is in evidence, even in more purely doctrinal subjects: the progress of the doctrine is followed through the history of the Church so that the reader is kept in continual contact with fact. The sound of history runs through the whole encyclopedia, and is markedly heard in the very numerous biographies of the Church's saints, thinkers, scholars, preachers, workers from the beginning till the last volume went to press; there is an account, for example, of the well-known Greek Kalopothakes, who died in June of last year.

Many of the most brilliant names in German and American scholarship are appended to the articles. Under the circumstances it is not unnatural to find in certain articles America and American interests represented with special prominence; for example, the modern section of the article on Theological Libraries deals only with those of the United States and Canada; and the exhaustive article on Theological Seminaries deals entirely with the United States. The practical aspect of the Church's work has not been forgotten—there are contributions on women's work in the Church, young people's societies, etc.; and there are often valuable discussions of more general subjects, not particularly akin to theology or religion. The well-informed article on peace movements, for example, is in the competent hands of Mr. Trueblood, the secretary of the American Peace Society. The aim of the editors to keep the encyclopedia abreast of the most recent developments is illustrated by their securing a place, for Bergson and Eucken.

The mass of well-sifted information represented by this encyclopedia is enormous. It is readable, reliable, and so arranged as to be readily grasped. Those who care to know what theology has been and what religion has achieved in history will find in these twelve volumes what they could only otherwise find by consulting thousands of books. **JOHN E. MCFADYEN.**

Glasgow, Scotland.

TWO BOOKS ON CHINA

D'Ollone, Henri. In Forbidden China: an account of the D'Ollone Mission, 1906-1909. By Viscount D'Ollone. Translated by Bernard Miall. Decorated cloth. 8vo, 312 pp. 146 illustrations and a map. Small, Maynard & Co. \$3.50 net.

It is rare that one meets with a book in this class which is so entertaining to the ordinary reader as is this one, and at the same time so valuable geographically and ethnologically. It is admirably entitled, for the field of this French expedition lay

in that region, then and still practically impenetrable, which lies on the extreme western border of China proper, that is, the provinces of Yunnan and Szechuan. It is a region of lofty irregular mountains and canyon-bound rivers, without roads or bridges and inhabited, except about its borders, by wild warrior-tribes who are utterly independent of the Chinese, altho nominally within the empire.

These wild mountaineers are known broadly to outsiders as Lolos, but among themselves by clan names only. They are of great size and dignity in form, are more Aryan than Mongolian in features, are keenly intelligent, tho deficient in information, have a written language preserved in manuscript books (principally genealogies of ruling families), and have an aristocratic or patriarchal form of society, devoting themselves exclusively to war-raids and the raising of cattle, while all the agriculture, weaving, and other work generally is done by slaves, who are Chinese captives or their more privileged descendants (serfs).

At certain border-places a condition of armed neutrality exists for purposes of trade; and for the sake of the gathering and sale of wax (of the wax-insect) and some other natural products, a system exists by which approved Chinese traders may enter Lolo-land under the safeguard of some one recognized chief. It was by means of this system, and through the aid of the well-liked Catholic missionaries of the adjoining neighborhood, that the expedition was able to get into the interior of the Lolo country, after enormous difficulties, and to travel there, amid vast perils and privations, until they had obtained a fair idea of these strange and very interesting barbarians. The account here given is extraordinarily novel and interesting.

Having concluded this most original part of the mission's labors, D'Ollone continued them by an expedition through an untrodden part of southeastern Tibet, near the head of the Hoang-ho (Blue River). Here extreme hardship and peril attended their work. The expedition was repeatedly attacked, robbed, and almost starved, and only got through alive by the intrepidity of its commander and his men. No book of recent times has added more than this not only to the correction of geographical errors in respect to this little known part of Asia, but to the correction of the popular idea of who and what are the Chinese and other residents of the western provinces, their history, surprising achievements in art and architecture, and racial characteristics. It throws strong light upon present social conditions there.

Brown, Arthur J. *The Chinese Revolution*. Cloth. Pp. 217. New York: Student Volunteer Movement.

To the student of history has come the unprecedented opportunity to observe at first-hand through current literature and the daily press a renaissance, a revolution, and a reformation, occurring simultaneously and in a single nation, as remarkable as those which in different eras and areas set the pace for modern times. China, supposedly the most conservative of peoples, has given the world a surprise, not only in the swiftness and thoroughness of its educational, political, and religious transformation, but in evidence that the spirit of the nation and the quality of its men and women have been seriously mis-



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apprehended. It behooves those who seek "the proper study of mankind" to recast their opinions concerning one-fourth of the human race. To aid this process many volumes are being issued from the press.

In "The Chinese Revolution," Dr. Brown, who as a leader in foreign missions is skilled in strong and lucid statement of information carefully obtained by study and travel, has supplied a valuable book both for reading and for reference, an excellent starting-point for research. He gives a clear and detailed yet swiftly moving review of the recent reconstruction in China, of the causes, the influences, the leaders of the new régime. The early chapters sketch the background of the revolution in vivid colors. In so complicated a picture it is not strange that the two young Emperors, whose tragic history under the ruthless domination of the regent Empress Dowager, Tzu Hsi, was similar, should have been confused. Dr. Brown (pp. 8, 9) seems for the moment not to distinguish between the Emperor T'ung Chih, son of the Empress, who in 1861 at the age of five years succeeded his father, and who died in 1875, and his successor, the infant nephew of the Empress, whom she hastened to put on the throne under the auspicious title, Kuang Hsu. The reader will find his interest quickening as in the closing chapters he sees unfolding the remarkable drama of the new China. Its chief actors, Sun Yat Sen and Yuan Shih-kai, are presented in strong light. The estimate of the latter is the view of Peking and the northern provinces rather than that of the south.

A study of the illustrations is of unusual value. Specially to be commended by way of comparison of past and future China are the pictures of the Empress Dowager and of Shi-ma-Li-A (Dr. Mary Stone)—the one, inscrutable, fascinating, cruel, whose path of power for fifty years is shadowed by many a mysterious and tragic death; the other, gentle, gifted, heroic, ministering to the bodies and souls of thousands of her people.

WOMEN OF THE OLD RÉGIME

I

Wormeley, Katherine Prescott, translator. **The Ruin of a Princess.** As told by the Duchesse d'Angoulême, Madame Elizabeth, the sister of Louis XVI. and Cléry, the King's valet de chambre. 8vo, pp. 329. New York: The Lamb Publishing Co. \$2 net.

This book is a new edition of a translation by the same author which appeared in a more expensive form some years ago and is now introduced to the public at a lower price, with all the illustrations belonging to the original issue. These illustrations consist of photogravures from paintings and are good and tasteful. Madame Elizabeth, the personage of these memoirs, was the sister of the ill-fated Louis XVI. and shared his fate at the guillotine, her only crime being that she was devoted to her brother. She was what may be called a saintly character, and she shines out in contrast to the immorality and religious indifference of the monarchy under Louis XV.

She tells her history in girlish letters to her friends, and it is supplemented by the journal of the faithful valet Cléry, who shared her imprisonment in the Temple,

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while the Duchesse d'Angoulême adds to the picture by her reminiscences. The Duchesse was indeed a saint herself, but without the winning charm of Princess Elizabeth. Cléry's descriptions of the imprisonment are wonderfully interesting, while those reminiscences of the Duchesse d'Angoulême, daughter of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, who was a captive with them in the Temple, are also fascinating. It was the Duchesse d'Angoulême who wrote on the walls of the cell that farewell sentence, "Oh, God, forgive those who have put my parents to death."

This volume is a treasury of historic fact to be received at first-hand from those who took part in the terrible drama. It will surely invite others to look upon history and the study of history less as a labor than as an attractive field of recreation. Very important features of this work are the portraits of the royal family. This chapter in the history of France closes with the rise of Napoleon.

II


Wormeley, Katherine Prescott, translator.
Illustrious Dames of the Valois Kings, by Pierre de Bourdelle and C. A. Sainte-Beuve. 8vo, pp. 368. New York: The Lamb Publishing Company. \$3 net.

The author of "Vies des dames illustres" was himself one of the most shining figures at the court of Charles IX., whom he served as gentleman of the chamber. While conspicuous as a man of pleasure and a soldier, he was also a clergyman of high lineage, the seigneur and abbé of Brantôme, yet neither professedly a man of letters nor a student. His various works appear to have been written while he lived retired on his estates toward the close of his somewhat giddy career.

These works were compiled from notes taken from personal observations. They are delightfully piquant, fresh, and realistic. Nothing can be finer in way of memoirs and reminiscences than his glowing account of Mary Stuart's journey to Scotland, in which he was her escort. Books of this kind are not only the salt, they are in some respects the very fiber of historical study. In reading Brantôme we live in that atmosphere of luxury and splendor which was for the time clear and tranquil, but which such storms as Black Bartholomew and later the Reign of Terror were to dissipate forever.

The Abbé has no hesitation in describing the corruption as well as the brightness of the court he knew so well. He certainly proves that women generally lay at the root of all the evil which was the immorality and selfishness that reigned in royal and aristocratic circles. His only creed seemed to be worship of aristocracy and hatred of the Huguenots. The crafty Italian Catherine de Medici, who as widow of Henry II. instigated the massacre of the Huguenots; Diana of Poitiers, the mistress of Henry, a lady who practically governed the kingdom; Mary Stuart, Queen of France and Scotland; Isabelle of Austria, wife of Charles IX., who during the hideous slaughter of Saint Bartholomew spent hours on her knees praying heaven to forgive her husband, are prominent figures in these charming reminiscences. The book is illustrated with beautiful photogravures after paintings. The portrait gallery thus presented is of the rarest and choicest character.

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OTHER BOOKS WORTH WHILE

Lea, Homer. The Day of the Saxon. 8vo, pp. 249. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. \$1.80 net.

This is the second volume of a series of three (the last not yet completed) in which Mr. Homer Lea takes up the rôle of Calchas, Homer's "prophet of ills," represented in modern literature by Goldsmith's Mr. Croaker. In his first volume this writer warned his country that it was valourously sitting down on a volcano which might at any moment erupt. His country, he said, was neither prepared nor preparing for the invasions that would undoubtedly snatch up the Philippines and bombard San Francisco. The scepter was thus destined to be wrested from her grasp.

In the present volume he utters his word of warning to England—the Saxon country whose militant power has declined since Waterloo. He speaks with Delphic solemnity when he declares, "Waterloo should have been an inspiration. It became a memory." Naturally, he continues, after the manner of Victor Hugo, "To contemplate a memory is to shudder." Why? Mr. Lea has gathered together a great many facts about "the weakness of the British Empire," and deserves great credit for his industry. If the United States is doomed by its valor of ignorance to fall before an invader and the whole British Empire is to follow the fate of our Republic, we wonder what will be left of political power, commerce, and flourishing nationalities on the face of the globe. Perhaps Mr. Homer Lea will enlighten us in his coming third volume, altho he is bound by his pessimistic text to foretell the death-blow for Russia, Japan, and Germany, not to speak of France, Italy, Spain, and China.

Nations generally, including our own, are anxious to take care of themselves. They are preparing for war in the hope of escaping the very Armageddon which seems to haunt the mind of this author. But they are all looking forward also to an era when such schemes of invasion as were carried out by Alexander and Napoleon will be impossible, and as the duel has yielded its place to the law court—*cedant arma toga*—so blood conflict will be exchanged for arbitration.

Hamilton, J. Stevenson. Animal Life in Africa. Decorated cloth. 8vo, pp. 540. Profusely illustrated. Dutton. \$5 net.

For more than half a century there has been a steady stream from the press of books about the wild animals of Africa published in all languages. That ancient continent is perhaps the richest and most varied in its fauna of all the continents, and has been particularly attractive to sportsmen because of the great number and diversity of game. Since the settlement of North America has largely closed our West to the big-game hunter India alone rivals Africa in its opportunities for sport with the gun.

Almost innumerable books have appeared dealing with the adventures and observations of sportsmen, but in the case of most of them the pages were mainly filled with incidents of travel and shooting, and until lately the observations recorded of the range and habits of the animals met have been comparatively scanty and partial, if not erroneous. There has been distinctly needed, then, a comprehensive and authoritative account, in the

light of modern zoology as well as of accumulated experience, of the natural history of East and South Africa at least; and that this book seems fully to supply.

The writer, a British Army officer, has been for many years warden of the Transvaal Game Preserves, a great area in British East Africa on the Portuguese border, where every sort of wild animal, including, unfortunately, some very undesirable ones, as the poisonous serpents, are protected by law from wanton destruction. An experienced sportsman and an ardent, well-informed naturalist, Major Hamilton has profited by this opportunity to acquire and digest an immense amount of most interesting zoological knowledge, which he here presents systematically, aided by hundreds of photographs. In addition to knowing his subject he writes in an admirable style, mingling incidents and stories with his facts so that one reads page after page absorbingly.

An added value is given to the book by closing chapters of detailed instruction and advice in regard to outfitting for a hunting or exploring journey, clothing, camp-hints, preservation of health, proper food, avoiding and combating disease, especially such as is due to insect-carriers, and the game-laws which must be observed. An elaborate index is provided. Altogether, a man interested in any aspect of African sport, zoology, or travel will find it an exceedingly valuable and interesting book.

Kennedy, Elijah R. The Contest for California. How Colonel Edward D. Baker Saved California to the Union. 8vo, pp. 360. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.25 net.

The threatened secession of California in 1861 led to some of the most exciting incidents in the history of the United States. So feeble appeared to be its allegiance to the Federal Government that all during the Civil War California was exempted from the obligation of drafting troops for the Union and was itself, in fact, almost in a condition of internal civil war. According to Mr. Kennedy it was through the exertion of Col. Edward D. Baker that the Pacific States were saved to the Union. In the ordinary histories of the United States this incident has been almost passed over, the more absorbing events of the Civil War outcrowding an account of the vicissitudes of the Pacific Coast. In the present work this chapter of history is dealt with sympathetically and in detail, and if history be indeed merely a series of biographies of eminent men, the history of California in the sixties is to be closely identified with the biography of Colonel Baker, orator, statesman, and soldier.

Colonel Baker, whose name is dismissed in the encyclopedia with a few lines, was born in England in 1811 and arrived in this country five years later. In 1851 he settled in San Francisco and became the leader of the California bar. Through his influence, as revealed by the records and documents turned over by Mr. Kennedy, the disaffection reigning on the Pacific Coast was allayed. The work reveals to us a strong and patriotic personality, as well as a gifted and accomplished genius. During the Civil War Baker raised a regiment in New York and Philadelphia, but refused a commission as brigadier-general. At Ball's Bluff he led as colonel 1,900 Federal soldiers of McClellan's army against



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McCabe, Joseph. The Story of Evolution. Cloth. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 340. Small, Maynard & Co. \$3.50 net.

As its title implies, this is a sketch of the history of the physical world from the point of view of an evolutionist. The author claims, properly enough, that his book "includes the many evolutionary discoveries of the last few years, gathers its material from the score of sciences which confine themselves to separate aspects of the universe, and blends all these facts and discoveries in a more or less continuous chronicle of the life of the heavens and the earth." It is a useful book for a person who cares only for a simple outline of this matter.

Gesell, Arnold L. and Beatrice C. The Normal Child and Primary Education. Cloth. Pp. 342. Boston: Ginn & Co. \$1.25.

The primary teacher's problem is not one directly proportionate to the years and dimensions of her charges. Those who have tried it know both the difficulty and the importance of avoiding ruts, of seeing weak points, and of meeting the task as it should be met. The authors of this book have taken care not to contribute another highly technical discourse to the subject, but to give to elementary-school teachers, normal-school students, and thinking mothers—may their tribe increase!—a stimulating practical manual on primary education. The psychological and biological background is well handled, so that one knows why the authors give certain advice without having to start for the dictionary or the psychology note-book. The central thesis is that the *normal* primary pupil has not yet begun to reach the normal development that may properly be expected. The practical suggestions will be welcomed by the teacher who does not know quite what to do with some periods and some pupils. Two valuable features are the bibliographies and the discriminating description and criticism of the Montessori method.

Wilson, Calvin Dill. Working One's Way Through College and University. Cloth. Pp. 381. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1 net.

This is a book which should be on the young people's shelf in every town and city library and in every high school and preparatory school. The author has collected from a variety of authentic sources just the things that put the boy or girl who hesitates to go to college because of the expense on the track of what has been done, what can be done, and what has to be done to get there. The kinds of employment available in college communities are much more varied than one would think at first, and Mr. Wilson presents them as well as the methods by which they may be obtained in a very suggestive way. His survey includes both men's and women's colleges, the Carnegie technical schools, the national military and naval academies, and some foreign universities. The help that the colleges themselves give to this problem by scholarships, fellowships, and prizes is not omitted, and such important topics as Greek-letter societies, athletics, health, scholastic standing, social position, and their relation to self-support are well presented. One of the

most stimulating parts of the book contains the record of men and women of prominence who have successfully worked their way through. The table giving cost of tuition and expenses at nearly 350 colleges and universities is a handy addition to the book, tho in one case figures 60 per cent. too low are given. Otherwise the author is not inclined to err in that direction.

Patterson, Charles Brodie. Living Waters. Cloth. Pp. 344. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

The happiness of man, his success in life, his life itself, depend upon his harmony with the universal law that governs the universe of which he is a part. This is the thesis that underlies this baker's dozen of helpful essays. The practical problem which they specifically treat is that of man's personal adjustment to those governing laws. Out of harmony comes unhappiness. Mr. Patterson in this, as in his other books, leaves to one side the harmonizing of the exterior world, and strives by suggestion and inspiration to lead his readers to the inward harmony that is unmoved by outward circumstance. Self-realization by self-government, its methods, its complications, its rewards—would you know them? Here they are. It is not all new. But it is still worth saying.

Robinson, James Harvey. The New History. Cloth. Pp. 266. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.

In this little volume of essays Professor Robinson has gathered up a sheaf of lances which he has shivered at one time or another to gain new provinces for his lady Clio. All of them have been refurbished, some polished, some sharpened, and some trimmed. The general effort of the essays is to clear the way for that History whose triumphal progress is not along the narrow streets of a walled city, but over the ever broadening highways of humanity. "History should not be regarded as a stationary subject which can only progress by refining its methods and accumulating, criticizing, and assimilating new material, but it is bound to alter its ideals and aims with the general progress of society and the social sciences."

Of this "new history" the essays are illustrations. They treat of Clio's youngest child, the history of history, of her new allies, anthropology, ethnology, and psychology, of her intellectual interests, and of her coming affection for the common man. "The Fall of Rome" is once more shown to be a deliquescence rather than a catastrophe, and "The Principles of 1789" are given their own "declaration of rights." The final essay on "The Spirit of Conservatism in the Light of History" leaves conservatism without a leg to stand on—which seems heartless since it refuses on principle to use those it had!

One would wish that Professor Robinson or his armoror had made even further revision, for the repetition of ideas is disappointing. Once the end of a paragraph leaves one in suspense; a foot-note, the historian's refuge, gives a cross-reference which, being incorrect, relieves the suspense with a "dull thud." Yet these essays are keen, clever as well as thoughtful, and are worth using to sharpen one's historical wits. Even if the antagonists are not so formidable as once, these lances will have a special case for them in Clio's armory along with those of her other knights—and she has many.



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McGilvary, Daniel. A Half Century Among the Siamese and the Lao. An Autobiography. Illustrated. Map. Cloth. Pp. 429. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. \$2 net.

The recounting of a missionary life, whether it be that of a Paul, a Boniface, a Paton, or of a volunteer of the present generation, is always fascinating. This autobiography of Daniel McGilvary will rank with the records of Carey, Paton, Judson, and Chalmers. Nowadays it is given to few men to record the experiences of half a century in a field little known and less worked, but this "Scot of Scots" left the United States five years before the Civil War broke out, and, with furloughs only at long intervals, labored in Indo-China until his death last year. Diligent in all his ways he not only stood before princes, but even rebuked them! One might almost wish that the account had been more personal in the case of such a man. But if this be the reader's loss, the gain is in the excellent picture of the sturdy Siamese life that is awakening to new strength under the new king. One of Dr. McGilvary's marked traits was his constant desire to open up new territory. Even in his later years he was always pioneering. It is largely due to him that the Lao country has been so widely opened to Christian influence and that the line of progress inland from Siam through French Indo-China to Southern China is a part of the missionary program. His is, indeed, a missionary biography worth having.

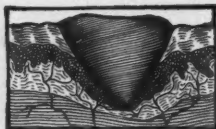
Angell, James B. Selected Addresses. Cloth. Pp. 285. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.60 net.

The appearance of President Angell's "Reminiscences" last year is supplemented by the present selection of addresses, most of which were made during his presidency of the university, of Michigan. Six treat different phases of the problems of a State university, with especial reference to Michigan. Four of the other five deal with diplomacy and international law. The fifth, given last year before an audience of law students on the influence of a lawyer outside of his profession, is a worthy plea for a broadening of the legal mind and culture.

Du Bose, John Witherspoon. General Joseph Wheeler and the Army of the Tennessee. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 476. New York: The Neale Publishing Co. \$3 net.

From one whose acquaintance with General Wheeler was of long standing one would expect a more intimate and thereby more interesting book. But Mr. Du Bose has written a comprest and not always relevant narrative history of the Army of the Tennessee and Wheeler's military career. One fails to gather from the book the author's controlling purpose, and as a preface is lacking the reader may misjudge it. The anecdotes are set in rather than woven in, and the numberless names of persons and places demand a veteran's knowledge to make it easy reading. The items included from personal papers are frequently valuable, however, and the reminiscences are often very interesting, altho the historian will have in mind Mr. C. F. Adams's recently published paper on their value as historical sources. Mr. Du Bose's sympathies are very evidently with the Confederacy.

Our Rulers. — "What," asks the Leavenworth (Kan.) Times, "is the feminine of boss?" Mrs. — *Chicago Record-Herald*.



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CURRENT POETRY

AMONG the many books of verse which have appeared this autumn, Miss Amelia Josephine Burr's "The Roadside Fire" (George H. Doran Co.) is noteworthy, not for the charm of novelty, but for a certain quiet appeal which belongs to verse of lasting power. "Thou needs't not sing new songs, but say the old," wrote Abraham Cowley nearly three hundred years ago. And Miss Burr is wise enough to keep to the simple old emotions and to the simple old traditions of her art. So she loses the immediate applause of the multitude, but gains the chance of an enduring and increasing audience. Her book is marked by high enthusiasm and technical skill; and these two qualities are perhaps the very essentials of poetry. Of the two poems which we quote, the first is particularly good as the spirited expression of a fine courage. The vigorous rhythm suits the idea perfectly. The second is an equally admirable example of a different sort of verse-making. We can pay it no higher compliment than to say it is worthy of comparison with Lionel Johnson's "Men of Assisi."

Battle-Song of Failure

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

We strain toward Heaven and lay hold on Hell.
With starward eyes we stumble in hard ways,
And to the moments when we see life well
Succeeds the blindness of bewildered days.
But what of that? Into the sullen flesh
The soul drives home the spur with splendid sting.
Bleeding and soiled we gird ourselves afresh—
Forth, and make firm a highway for the King.

The loveless greed the centuries have stored
In marshy foulness traps our faltering feet.
The sins of men whom punishment ignored
Like fever in our weakened pulses beat.
But what of that? The shame is not to fail,
Nor is the Victor's laurel everything.
To fight until we fall is to prevail.
Forth, and make firm a highway for the King.

Yea, cast our lives into the ancient slough
And fall we shouting with uplifted face.
Over the spot where snared we struggle now
Shall march in triumph a transfused race.
They shall exult where wearied we have wept—
They shall achieve where we have striven in vain.
Leaping in vigor where we faintly creep,
Joyous along the road we paved with pain.
What tho we seem to sink in the morass?
Under those unborn feet our dust shall sing
When o'er our perfect failure shall they pass.
Forth, and make firm a highway for the King.

Night in Assisi

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

Silently steal the moonlight's cool white feet
Along the empty street.
Assisi sleeps—what spell constrains her quest
Whose pillow lies unprest?
Not memories of old pride and power and lust—
Mere dust amid the dust
Those men of blood and fire too long have lain
Ever to live again.

We watch to see the slender form pass by
Of one who can not die.
Above him arches like a shrine alight
The jeweled Umbrian night.
Ah, tear-dimmed eyes, and worn ecstatic face,
And hand upraised to trace
The sign of peace, its sacramental scars
Kissed by the reverent stars.



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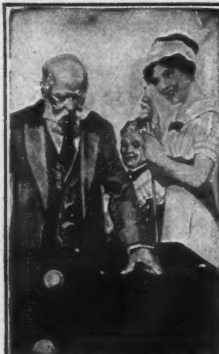
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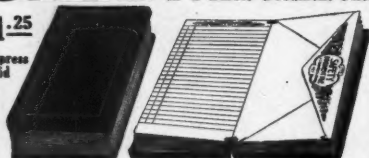
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H. W. Garrod's "Oxford Poems" (John Lane) are not, for the most part, verse of much distinction. Mr. Garrod, apparently, is a disciple of A. E. Housman. But simplicity alone is not the reason for the greatness of that remarkable sequence "A Shropshire Lad," and Mr. Garrod needs to put much more of the stir of life into his work. Some of his poems, however, like that which we quote below, have freshness and pictorial strength.

Auld Lang Syne

By H. W. GARROD

The boyish voices fade and fall,
The gray quadrangles sleep again,
And in the pious moonlight pale
The grave Tower frowns on things profane.

But still in thoughts that banish sleep
The shouting and the songs remain,
The tumult of the hearts that keep
Ever in honor the old refrain.

And vow forever unforget
To hold the loves of long ago
And save from time in days remote
The glamor of youth, the gleam, the glow.

O happy any, of all that sing,
O happy in the days to be,
If out of all the winters bring
And all he never dreamed to see,

He lives not ever to behold
False to its oath the hand he took,
Perjured the splendid speech, and cold
The kindled eyes, the heavenly look.

O, in the evil and lonely day,
O happy still if still he can
A hand on honor's altar lay
That was not false to any man.

"A Prairie Prayer and Other Poems" (Sherman, French & Co.), by Hilton R. Greer, is a book which contains much musical and energetic writing, of a sort not uncommon among the poets of the western part of the United States. But the poem which most appeals to us is of a different type; it is the following sincere and dignified tribute to a great poet:

For a Fly-Leaf of Lanier's Poems

By HILTON R. GREER

Not vainly drawn, O stainless chevalier,
The sword of song at Beauty's high behest,
Guarding her sacred shores from vandal wrong—
While bitter Death smote ever at thy breast.

Though fallen in thy flower, O my prince,
Of all Song's knightly court the knightliest!
Love's time-enduring laurels wreath thy name—
Brave-souled Lanier! White Sidney of the West.

Readers of "Apollo and the Seaman" will not look for directness and Wordsworthian clarity in the verse of Mr. Herbert Trench. The following poem which appeared in the London *Nation* is characteristically fantastic, and at first reading it is rather obscure. But Mr. Trench's ideas, however fantastic, are as a rule interesting, and this poem is no less beautiful because its meaning requires a moment's thought.

Message Deciphered on a Fan

By HERBERT TRENCH

When rings the angelus to veil
With holy dusk the nightingale.

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Architects: Descriptive details of Morgan Doors may be found in Sweet's Index, pages 910 and 911.

If from known lands, my mistress pale,
Unto Cythera thou wilt sail,

O believe the summons of that note
Of the bird's, the ever-living throat,
And of thy daring little boat—
Take me for sail! Afloat! Afloat!

The rushes quake along the river,
But not a doubt in thee will quiver;
Now the night-wind begins to shiver—
It is the wind that shall deliver!

Be quick, nor let the breeze be lost!
The lot is cast, the die is tossed,
Fates must be faced and fancies crossed,—
Ours is a far and heavenly coast!

Now from chained doors and sullen clans
Steal down, and let my shining vans
Waft thee from dull Climmerians,
Deep Venus thrills the bay's expanse.

Now both her shrine-lit headlands glow—
Now wavelets rap the boatside,—so
Now for the wide salt-scented flow
Of her moon-washed archipelago!

Harper's Magazine prints this musical poem, which is marred by the substitution of assonance for rime in the second stanza.

Wonder Song

BY GEORGE PHILLIPS

Listen to my calling
Where the stars are falling,
Gladness of the Mother-Earth and Beauty of the Sea!
Let us go a-gipsying adown the Lanes of Wonder,
Over and across the world and through the hills and under.

Part the curtains of the skies and come to me,
your lover.
Should the lonely way affright, each star shall be
your brother;
And the Moon, your sister, shall lead you by the hand,
Till you come, O Starry-Eyed, to where I longing stand.

Listen to my calling
Where the stars are falling,
Bending down to marvel at the softness of your eyes.
Heed them not, O Wonder,
Thrust their rays asunder,
Lest they draw you up to be the glory of their skies.

Come to me, Beloved, across the world and under—
Hear you not my beating heart like breaking foam in thunder?
Come and quench the burning
By your great returning,
Till I cool my fever in your dew-drenched eyes.

Listen to my calling
Where the stars are falling,
Ending of the old world, beginning of the new.
Bid the night-winds bring you,
And the thrushes sing you,
Till you come to where I stand and watch and wait for you.

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Noisy Infant.—The automobile is only in its infancy, so there is hope that it may eventually become less noisy.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The Next Reform.—MOTHER—"This is your new little brother."

TOMMY—"Gee! Can't he be recalled?"—*New York Sun.*

Qualified.—UNCLE ED—"Why, Johnnie, you don't swear, do you?"

JOHNNIE—"No, I don't swear, but I know all the words."—*Judge.*

Inspired Definition.—TEACHER—"What is velocity, Johnny?"

JOHNNY—"Velocity is what a fellow lets go of a wasp with."—*Patfinder.*

Tame.—"George has told me all the secrets of his past."

"Merely! What did you think of them?"

"I was awfully disappointed."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Unexpected Happened.—THE STRUGGLING LAWYER (pompously)—"Anything unusual happen while I was out?"

OFFICE BOY (after some thought)—"Yes'r. There wasn't any debt-collectors called."—*Tit-Bits.*

A Famous Victory.—"I would have you to know, sir, we came over with William the Conqueror."

"It must have been some kind of a conqueror who could make you come over with anything."—*Baltimore American.*

Possibly So.—The following item appeared in a morning paper: "The body of a sailor was found in the river this morning cut to pieces and sewed up in a sack. The circumstances seem to preclude any suspicion of suicide."—*London Telegraph.*

Insidious Scheme.—"Rosa, my mother-in-law is coming for a long visit to-morrow. Here is a list of her favorite dishes."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, the first time you give us one of these you'll get a week's notice."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Missing Labels.—"There's only one thing I've got against *The Congressional Record*," said Farmer Cornloss. "You refer to its occasional suspension of publication?" "No. It's kind o' misleadin'. A lot of the speeches our Congressman makes about hisself ought to be marked 'advt.'"—*Washington Star.*

When Wounds Are Healed.—"I'll be glad when this campaign is over and the votes have been counted."

"Why should you care? Is your business affected in Presidential years?"

"No; but I have a lot of old friends with whom I'm anxious to be on speaking terms again."—*The Herald and Presbyter.*

Way to Handle Them.—The divorce court was grinding.

"All ladies who married on a bet or a dare or for a joke will stand up," announced the clerk.

They lined up.

"Your applications are denied. Now the regular cases will be heard."—*Washington Herald.*

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The Difference.—A woman wearing a long hat-pin may be ejected from a street-car in Berlin. Here the rest of the folks have to get out.—*Portland (Me.) Press.*

A Gory Moment.—"What's the matter with Briggs?"

"He was getting shaved by a lady barber when a mouse ran across the floor."—*Life.*

Had to Do It.—"Why did you strike the deceased on the head with an oar after he had rocked the boat and fallen out?"

"Because he knew how to swim."—*Houston Post.*

Slicing It.—**POTASH**—"Cohen can nefer make a goot goluf blayer."

PERLMUTTER—"For vy not?"

POTASH—"He nefer hollers fore—always he yells dree ninedy-eight."—*Wisconsin Sphinx.*

Southpaw Compliment.—**THE WOMAN**—"My husband is forty to-day. You'd never believe that there is actually ten years difference in our ages."

THE MAN—"Why, no indeed. I'm sure you look every bit as young as he does."—*Boston Transcript.*

The First Step.—"Well, young man, ready for college?"

"Yep."

"What important subjects will you take up this fall?"

"The first thing is the matter of the forward pass."—*Washington Herald.*

Dizzying.—"In this great and glorious country of ours," exclaimed the political orator, "there is no North, no South, no East, no West."

"No wonder we don't know where we are at," came a querulous voice from the outskirts of the crowd.—*Town Topics.*

Opposites.—The dapper little ribbon-clerk gazed languishingly into the dark eyes of the handsome brunette waitress.

"Isn't it wonderful," he gurgled, "how opposites seem to be attracted to each other?"

"It sure is," agreed the beauty. "I noticed only to-day that the tallest man at the lunch-counter ordered shortcake."—*Lippincott's.*

A Wonder.—**COLLEGE PRESIDENT**—"You can't get into our college. You aren't qualified in the entrance requirements in Sanskrit, Greek, or Calculus."

PROSPECTIVE STUDENT—"No, but I am very well grounded in reading, writing, and arithmetic."

COLLEGE PRESIDENT—"Great Scott, man, you don't need a college education! Why don't you go into business?"—*Puck.*

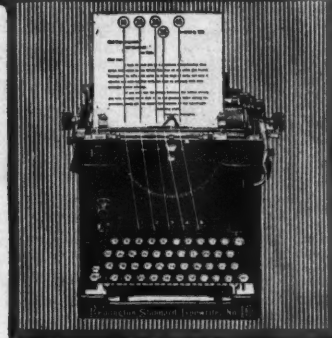
Obvious.—"My husband has deserted me and I want a warrant," announced the large lady.

"What reason did he have for deserting you?" asked the prosecutor.

"I don't want any lip from you, I want a warrant. I don't know what reason he had."

"I think I understand his reason," said the official feebly, as he proceeded to draw up a warrant.—*Exchange.*

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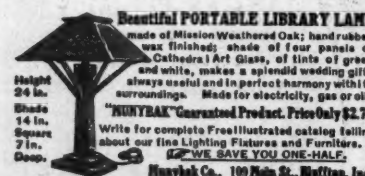
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City Sights.—SUMMER BOARDER—"Don't you ever come to see the sights of a city?"

FARMER MEDDERS—"Oh, no; we see 'em every summer."—*Judge.*

A Familiar Term.—"Why didn't you arrest that man when I denounced him as a pickpocket?" demanded the irate citizen.

"I thought it was just a little political discussion," explained the policeman.—*Kansas City Journal.*

A Back-slap.—HUSBAND—"I don't believe that fable about the whale swallowing Jonah."

WIFE—"Why not? That's nothing to what you expect me to swallow sometimes."—*Lippincott's.*

None Too Soon.—PERTURBED DINER—"What on earth is the matter with you this evening, waiter? First you give me the fish, and now you give me the soup."

WAITER (confidentially)—"Well, to tell the truth, sir, it was 'igh time you 'ad that fish."—*The Sketch.*

Bargain Hunters.—"My wife and myself are trying to get up a list of club magazines. By taking three you get a discount."

"How are you making out?"

"Well, we can get one that I don't want, and one that she doesn't want, and one that neither wants for \$2.25."—*Washington Herald.*

Keeping It Secret.—"Why is it," asked the curious guest, "that poor men usually give larger tips than rich men?"

"Well, suh," said the waiter, who was something of a philosopher as well, "looks to me like de po' man don't want nobody to find out he's po', and de rich man don't want nobody to find out he's rich."—*Youth's Companion.*

Think, Men.—"I don't know whether it is a good thing to encourage women to go into politics or not," said the man with a furrowed brow.

"Surely you do not doubt their capability."

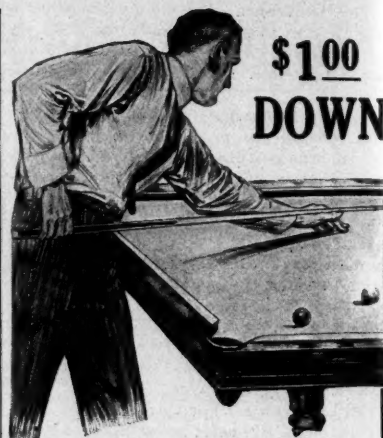
"Not in the least. But think of the appalling sums that will change hands if they get to betting hats on elections."—*Boston Transcript.*

Superfluous.—The banquet hall was adorned with many beautiful paintings, and the president of the little college was called upon to respond to a toast. Wishing to pay a compliment to the ladies present, he designated the paintings with an eloquent gesture and said:

"What need is there of these painted beauties when we have so many with us at the table?"—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

A Hard One.—Representative Dudley M. Hughes, of Georgia, is called a farmer statesman and devotes much of his time to the agricultural interests of his district. He has requests for many new kinds of seeds, and a time ago received this letter:

Dear Dud: Sam Yopp's been tellin' me of a new seedless tomatoe the Guvment is growin'. I'm writing to you in hopes you will send me some of the seeds.—*Saturday Evening Post.*



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CURRENT EVENTS

Foreign

October 5.—Four United States marines are killed and 8 wounded in an engagement with insurgents in Nicaragua. The rebels lose 40 killed, 75 wounded, and 15 taken.

October 6.—Leon, the last insurrectionist stronghold in Nicaragua, surrenders to a force of United States marines and sailors. Three American marines are killed and 8 wounded in street fighting with a mob, 50 of the mob are killed, and 40 wounded.

October 8.—F. C. Bostock, the animal trainer, dies in London.

Montenegro declares war on Turkey and hostilities begin.

October 9.—The Italian aviator, Cagliani, flies across the sea from Pisa to Corsica, 95 miles.

October 10.—An all-day fight between the Turks and Montenegrins at Podgoritz results in a Montenegrin victory and the capture of Planinitza and Detchitch mountains.

Domestic

October 4.—Theodore Roosevelt testifies before the Clapp investigating committee that altho corporations did contribute to his 1904 campaign fund, none was asked to do so and no promises were made as a return for any contributions.

Chief Justice Knapp of the United States Commerce Court and Labor Commissioner Neill settle the wage dispute on railroads east of the Mississippi and south of the Ohio by awarding employees a general wage increase of 10½ per cent.

October 5.—"Big Jack" Zellig, a New York gang-leader who was to have been witness in the Becker case, is shot and killed.

October 7.—Former United States Senator W. A. Pepper of Kansas dies in Grenola, Kan., aged 81.

October 8.—W. B. McKinley testifies before the Clapp committee that \$265,000 was collected for the Taft preconvention campaign, of which \$150,000 came from the Taft family, \$25,000 from John Hays Hammond, and \$25,000 from Andrew Carnegie.

October 9.—The New York *Journal of Commerce* brings suit to test the Government's right to enforce the new newspaper publicity law.

October 10.—The twenty-seven Roosevelt electors in Pennsylvania withdraw from the Republican ticket and Taft electors are substituted.

The trial of Police Lieutenant Charles Becker for the murder of Herman Rosenthal begins in New York.

Gov. Woodrow Wilson makes a series of speeches in Chicago.

Dr. Alexis Carrel of the Rockefeller Institute receives the Nobel prize for medicine.



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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the correct use of words, the Funk & Wagnall Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"A. de C." Hot Springs, Ark.—"Please state when to use 'fish' and when 'fishes.' Also, give example of each."

"Fish" when one is thinking of the mass or quantity; "fishes" when one is thinking of the individuals that compose the mass. "He caught a fine string of fish"; "Fifty fishes make a long string"; "There are as many fishes in the sea as ever were caught out." But the rule can not be applied absolutely because often one can not say which is uppermost in mind, the mass or the individuals that form the mass.

"W. W." Cambridge, Mass.—"Please state the grammatical construction of the expression: 'Wo is me!'"

The construction is very old. "Me" is dative case (of disadvantage). A like construction is found in Scott's "Wo worth the day That cost thy life, my gallant gray!" where "worth" is a present subjunctive (of wish) form of a verb now obsolete in English, the equivalent of the German *werden* as our "to be" is the equivalent of the German *sein*. That is, Scott's hero (in *The Lady of the Lake*) means: "May wo come to the day!" "Wo be unto thee, O Moab!" (*Jeremiah*, xlviii, 46) expresses a similar wish; and "wo is me!" (*Jeremiah*, x, 19, and xiv, 3) presents the same dative construction, but, since the sentence is not a wish, the indicative form "is," not the subjunctive "be," is used.

"R. C. B." Springer, N. M.—"Why is the word 'colonel' pronounced ker'nel, and the word 'sergeant' pronounced sar'gent?"

The word "colonel" came to English from the French. Originally from the Latin *columna*, "column," it appeared in Italian as *colomello*, French as *colonel*. In harmony with a characteristic of the romance languages, the word in French, by dissimilation of *l*—*i*, had become in the 16th century, or earlier, *coronnel*, and in that form was adopted into English as *coronel*, which gradually, by fixing of the stress on the first syllable and consequent weakening of the second syllable, acquired its present pronunciation, *kurnl* (ur as *ur* in *turn*, the final *i* as *in able*). In France, popular etymology, associated the word *coronnel* with *corona*, *couronne*, "crown," and helped to maintain the pronunciation with *r* long after the spelling with *r* was, late in the 16th century, supplanted in literary use by the etymological form *colonel*. In English the two spelling forms, *coronel* and *colonel*, were for a while used indifferently, the latter finally becoming fixt; but the pronunciation remained as established by the form in which the word was adopted into the language, namely, with *r*. The name was applied to the officer in command of the first regiment, and consequently at the head of a column.

In the early part of the modern period in history of the English language, short *er* followed by a consonant came often to be pronounced as *ar*. What was *her* became *hart* (spelled *heart*); what was *person* became *parson* (both forms now in use as individual words), *university* became *university* (still preserved in "Varsity"), *clerk* became *clark* (now the form of the proper name). So *Derby* came to be called *Darby* and *sergeant* *sargent* (*Sargent* is still the proper noun).

"M. S." Plymouth, Wis.—"In the case of a minister speaking to a congregation of foreign-born Germans and their descendants, German-Americans, is the word 'native' correctly used in the following connection: 'Let us now sing hymn so and so, in our native tongue' (meaning the English language)?"

To foreign-born citizens, English is an acquired tongue. For their children, it may become a native tongue. Children of foreign-born parents may grow up to be bilingual, having two "native" tongues; but that is exceptional. One language is likely to be felt as less natural than the other. The minister's use of the word "native" was for many of his congregation ambiguous. It would have been better to say "In English."



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